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THE OLD STORY.

BY C. W. S.

I was a woman, and I'd a heart,
And I raved of love and of constancy,
And he saw the tears to my eyelids start,
For he was the world to me!

He whispered low when the Spring-time flew,
Of the tangled paths in which men stray,
And around me all his arms he threw,
His eyes were on fire that day.

We parted: yes! but I clung to him,
And I put up my lips to be kissed again;
But the laughing eyes of the hero'n grew dim,
And were swollen black with rain.

They came to me when my love was gone,
And said he was poor and toiled for bread;
They talk'd of rain and tears alone,
And my heart was dull as lead.

And then they laid their bribe at my feet,
'Twas the same old tale that is often told;
They played on the strings of my heart's conceit,
And dazzled my eyes with gold.

I sold myself to a loveless thing,
And I walked to the altar and there I lied;
For my heart was away by the primrose spring,
And I by my husband's side.

And now you ask me what of the lie?
I've paid full dear for my girlish greed;
'Twore better, I think, for a woman to die,
Than to live the life I lead.

I am alone, but still I can sing,
And pray for the rain of Winter's rain,
For the scent of the primrose-crown of Spring
Will return to me again.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

"GRANNY, do you believe in ghosts?"

"What has put that in your head, child?"

"Because to-day is the third of May, and Esther Lovell says she would not for worlds go near the old Hall to-night, for strange sights are to be seen there after night-fall."

"Esther Lovell's a goose," replied the old woman, somewhat testily. "The worst that could be seen would be a sweet lady weeping and wringing her hands; and what harm would that do any one, I should like to know?"

"Then you do believe in ghosts?" said the child, timidly, drawing nearer to her grandmother, and throwing her arm round her neck. "I ran so fast by the Hall, and never once looked round; and I'm so glad I'm going to sleep here, for I never should have dared to go home again, if it were dusk."

"You're a silly child, Meg; it's only wicked people that need fear ghosts, if there are such things. Mind you, I'll not say whether there are or not, for it's not for such as me to judge. One hears strange stories sometimes; but all you've got to do, Meg, is to be a good girl, and then you'll have no cause to fear ghosts or goblins, or anything else."

"But I'm not always good, granny," returned Meg, despondingly, "and I've been particularly naughty the last day or two; so it's a comfort I'm going to stay here all night. But I did so hope, granny, that you would not believe in ghosts."

"I've never said I did, child, and I've never said I didn't; its just one of those things that I've no belief about either one way or another; and I take that to be the best way of settling a doubtful point."

Meg looked as though she did not quite understand the force of her grandmother's logic, or at any rate as though no consolation were to be derived therefrom; but the subject being too deep for her childish meditations, her thoughts reverted to what had been the primary cause of her question.

"Why is the third of May a worse day for ghosts than any other day, granny?"

"It isn't, that I know of," returned the old woman.

"Then why should Esther Lovell be more afraid of passing the Hall to-night than any other night in the year?"

"That's because of the old story. I should not mind telling it to you. Dear, dear, what a many years it is since, and it seems just to have come to me as fresh as when it all happened. Sit down to your tea, child, and after tea we'll settle down cosily, and have it all over. It'll be like calling up an old friend that's been dead and buried many a long year, to have a chat with one."

Meg did not by any means consider this a "consummation devoutly to be wished;" the idea was not a pleasant one, and she would rather her grandmother had not mentioned it, for there were three chairs in the neat little kitchen, and who knew who or what the occupier of the third might be. Meg gave a little shudder.

"You're not cold, child, surely?" said her grandmother, pouring out another cup of tea.

"No, granny," answered Meg, her hand trembling as she stretched it out for the cup.

"Then, you're frightened?" said the old woman, looking at her. "I wish Esther Lovell and her nonsense were far away. I shan't be able to tell you my story, child. It's not well to fill young heads with fears."

"Nay, granny, you *must* tell it me, now. I shan't sleep if you don't; besides, I shall think it more horrible than it really is, and I shall go fancying all sorts of things."

"There's something in that," said the old woman, brightening up, for she had felt a little disappointed at the thought of not being able to indulge in old reminiscences, "and that would be a pity. So, make haste and finish your tea, and then we'll clear away the tea-things and have a cosy evening together."

The tea-things were cleared away quickly enough, and Meg took a little stool and sat down close by her grandmother. She would not look at either of the chairs, for she could not divest herself of a queer nervous feeling with regard to them. So she gazed into the fire that blazed brightly in the grate, for it was a chill evening, though it was May.

"I've noticed," began the old woman, "that there's never been a third of May without some part of the day feeling chill. However warm it may have been beforehand, or may be the day after, there's never been a third of May for the last sixty years that I've not been all the better for a bit of fire.

"It's the anniversary of a day that sends a chill to all those who remember it, or were in any way connected with it, and it comes to me among the rest. I suppose I'm getting to be one of the last that it will come to, for I'm wearing on toward eighty, Meg, and what I am going to tell you happened when I was a girl of sixteen or seventeen.

"One of the earliest things I can recollect is the old Hall being put into complete repair; for seventy or eighty years ago it was much in the same condition that it is now, and no one would take it, for there was an ill story hanging to it, and it was said that none who held it in possession ever came to any good.

"Well, as I said, it was put in repair. There were carpenters and bricklayers and masons at work, and in a short time you would scarce have known the house. The fine old gardens, too, with their terrace-walks and stone steps, and fountains, were all set in order, and a grand place it looked altogether, though, perhaps, there was still a gloomy air about; but that only made it the grander.

"The master of it was not the man to be daunted by anything, and when he was told of the evil stories and the ghosts, as in duty bound, he curled his lip contemptuously, and made some mocking remark that no one at the time cared to repeat.

"He was a tall, dark man, nigh fifty, I should say, with a bronzed complexion, and a proud, stern look on his face, and his hair was as black as a raven. He wore a pointed beard and a short mustache, but the rest of his face was close shaven.

"He came from foreign parts, and he brought a mint of money with him; there seemed to be no end of it, judging by the company he kept, and the horses and the hounds, and everything belonging to him.

"My aunt was housekeeper at the Hall, and now and then I used to go up to see her; and sometimes, if it was very early in the morning, she would let me look through the stately rooms, when the housemaids were dusting and sweeping them. Very splendid they were, and at first I could see nothing distinctly; there seemed to be such a confusion of silk and satin, and gilded furniture and pictures, and vases and statues, and mirrors, and flowers, and tapestry, and I cannot tell you what; but, by degrees, I came to separate them, and to know each room and what it contained, for you see, Meg, it's as easy to get accustomed to fine things when one sees them constantly, as to poor ones, and so it was with me.

"The room I liked best of all was my lady's boudoir, as they called it. It was at the end of one of the corridors, and had windows opening into a wide balcony, that was always filled with the choicest plants. The walls were hung with blue silk, and the silken curtains were bordered with gold fringe. It was just such a room as one might expect to see in a fairy palace, and I was never tired of looking at the beautiful things heaped together there.

"One day I had obtained permission to go into this room with my lady's maid, and was so much absorbed in gazing at a picture that had just been hung up, that I did not perceive that she had gone away, imagining that I was following her; and so I was left alone.

"It was a picture of a child, a beautiful boy, with blue eyes, that had no look of the proud, stern master of the house in them—the Squire, as we country folk used to call him.

"I was still gazing at it, when I heard a voice say—

"'Who are you, my little girl?'

"I had never heard such a voice before; the words were not spoken as we English people would speak them, and the tone was so sweet that I scarcely thought a human being had spoken to me.

"I turned, and there stood a lady in a loose white dress, that seemed to float round her. She was very pale and fragile-looking, and her hair was like pale gold.

"For a moment I thought she might be an angel, and then it suddenly flashed upon me that it must be my lady herself. So I dropped a low curtsey, and said—

"'I am Mrs. Bridget's niece, my lady.'

"'So you are admiring my room,' said my lady; 'tell me what in it pleases you best?'

"My eyes involuntarily sought the picture, and I pointed to it.

"A flush of pain passed over my lady's countenance.

"'Yes,' she said; 'you are right, little girl—there is nothing to compare with it. My child! my sweet child!' and she put her hands over her eyes.

"At the moment who should come along the corridor but the Squire. My lady seemed all trembling like, but she could not grow any whiter than she was. The moment he caught sight of the picture he went into a passion, and began to swear at my lady.

"'How long has that been up here?' he asked.

"'Only since yesterday,' said my lady; 'Geronimo has just finished it for me.'

"At that moment a youth, who bore a wonderful likeness to my lady, advanced.

"'Is this the way you repay my favors?' demanded the Squire fiercely. 'I thought we were rid of that child when we laid him deep under the sod at Padua, and now he's risen again to to be ever before me. As if I could help whether he lived or died.'

"The youth looked in amazement at the speaker, and then some new thought seemed to strike him, for he started back as if he had seen some dreadful sight, and then he gazed steadily at the Squire. And the Squire gazed at him in return, but I thought I saw a slight quiver on his under lip.

"'What do you mean?' said he.

"The youth was hesitating whether to reply, when my lady, who had been intently watching the two, stepped forward and signed to the youth to go. Then I, too, crept away and went down to Mrs. Bridget; I had been too frightened to stir before.

"When I got back to Mrs. Bridget, she first gave me a good scolding for being found in my lady's boudoir, and then made me give her an exact account of what had taken place, and then, my lady's maid coming in, she had to be told, and the two women put their heads together, and I could see they thought deeper of it than I could understand; for there were beginning to be strange stories afloat respecting the Squire.

"I must tell you that my lady was an Italian, and Geronimo, the youth I had seen, was her brother. He and my lady were living together in Italy in very slender circumstances, when the Squire was struck with her beauty as she sat playing with her child; for she had been married very young, and had been left a widow with one child, the beautiful boy whose likeness I had been looking at.

"The Squire fell in love with her at once, and at length she consented to marry him, on condition that Geronimo might not be parted from her until he grew to man's estate, and could make his way alone in the world.

"So the Squire and she were married, and all went well for a time; but soon he became jealous of the love of the mother for her child, and could scarcely bear it in his sight. You see he was very fond of his wife, and wished to be first with her; but he was not.

"Well, after a while, the boy suddenly sickened; he lingered for many weeks, and then he died.

"But my lady was no nearer the Squire for all that. Indeed, a shadow seemed to spring up out of the child's death; and at last the Squire thought if he could get away from Italy and come back to England, and live a country life, keeping open house, that the gay company would drive sad thoughts from my lady's heart. But ah! what company ever did that, child? There she was, dressed in her brocades that stood of themselves, and her pearls, and her diamonds, looking more like a beautiful spirit than anything earthly. And the Squire was proud enough of her, as well he might be, and yet he was stern and harsh, and was half mad if she ever spoke of her dead child.

"And so things went on until the day that I was in my lady's boudoir.

"After then my lady began to droop more than ever. She had not the heart to don any of her fine dresses or to appear among the guests. She seldom left her own room, and she clung more closely to Geronimo than she had ever done before. Yet, strange to say, she was ever urging him to return to Italy; for she said she knew that she was dying, and what would he do in a strange land without her? But he would not listen.

"One day, it was early in May—and the weather had been unusually warm—Geronimo went down to the river to bathe.

"He did not return; and some one passing by, and seeing his clothes lying on the bank and him nowhere about, raised an alarm, and, after a long search, his body was found. When the poor corpse was brought to the Hall, my lady, who had been in a state of frantic grief, came to meet it.

"Every one was surprised to see how calm she went all of a sudden. She drew back the sheet they had flung over him, and kissed his cold lips; then she bade them get ready the state-bedroom, and there he was laid out, and my lady sat by the bedside and watched until the day of the funeral, but she never spoke.

"When the day came she took a last look at him before the coffin-lid was fastened down; then she told her maid she was going to have a long sleep, and she went to her own room, where she took to her bed, and gradually faded and faded.

"The days went by slowly enough now, for it was very still and quiet in the old Hall. The Squire sat moodily in the great dining-room, and scarce a soul dared to say anything to him. Now and then he went to look at his wife, but she never so much as opened her eyes when he came into the room: whether it was that she was too far gone to speak, or whether from some other cause, none knew. But she spoke to no one now, and the doctor said the end was not far off.

"It was just one o'clock on the morning of the third of May—it wanted a few minutes to high water, and then the tide would turn, and we all know that at tide-turning many a soul that has been waiting is called away.

"Well, as I said, it was just one o'clock, and all the household were a-bed excepting the Squire, who was still sitting over his sack-posset, and the old nurse who watched at my lady's bedside.

"Suddenly a low cry was heard, and it pierced through the house and woke many of the sleepers; but only one or two had courage enough to rise up and see what it was, and among these was my Aunt Bridget.

"As she opened the door that led on to the grand gallery, she saw a white figure gliding down the great staircase, with its eyes staring in wild horror, wringing its hands, and moaning piteously. If it had not been that she was lying on her death-bed, my aunt would have said that it was my lady herself; but she had heard of the spirits of departing people visiting those they desired to see at the last moment, and so great was her fear at the sight that she fainted away, as did the maid who had accompanied her; but a little foot-page, who had more courage and more curiosity, followed the figure, and saw it enter the dining-room. The Squire, he said, started up; and the figure, slowly raising its hand and pointing one finger at him, said, 'Murderer!' And the Squire fell back in his chair, and hid his face in his hands. The little foot-page saw no more, for, overcome with fright, he fled to his room and buried himself beneath the bedclothes.

"When my aunt came to herself, being a woman of some nerve, despite the sudden terror that came over her, she determined to go to my lady's room, and there she found my lady, as she expected, stretched on the bed quite dead. The nurse was asleep, so of course did not know how long she had been dead; but my aunt knew that she must have died just as the tide turned, and that would be just at the time the white figure glided down the staircase.

"Do you think it was my lady's ghost, granny?" said Meg.

"How should I know. I only tell the tale as it was told to me, and it's not for the like of me to settle about such things. I don't either believe or disbelieve in ghosts, and that's the best and I hope never to see one; but and I'll not say but what others have."

"I'm sure I hope I shan't," said Meg; "I should die with fright."

"My aunt didn't," replied the old woman, "and I see no cause that you should. Not that I think you'll ever see one."

"And what become of the Squire?" asked Meg.

"After my lady's death he never felt comfortable at the Hall, so all the fine things were sold, and the house was shut up, and he went abroad, and I heard he wandered from place to place until he died. It seemed as if he could find no rest."

"Do you think, granny," said Meg, lowering her voice, "that he had anything to do with the child's death or with Geronimo's?"

"Many thought so," returned the old woman; "still nothing could be made of it. But one thing has always been clear to my mind: my lady thought so, and that was the cause of the piteous moaning of the figure that my aunt saw glide down the old staircase."

MRS. BLIFKINS'S AEROLITE.

"If you want to go to bed, why don't you go, and not keep bothering me," said Mr. Blifkins, as she looked over the top of her book at her husband.

"Well, I thought you might be ready," replied Blifkins, in a semi-apologetical tone. "You are generally the first to propose retiring, but to-night I feel kind of sleepy."

"You always do when you dine down town," suggested Mrs. B.

"I only had a frugal repast at the Gape and Swallow," responded Blif.

"Does Mr. Smith keep that place?" asked Mrs. B.

"Not exactly," said Blifkins, who recalled his last jolly good dinner at that establishment.

"Well, well, don't talk; I've just reached a very interesting passage," said Mrs. Blifkins.

"No, no, I won't talk," replied Blifkins, "unless I talk in my sleep; so good-night."

"Good-night; there, go along—you wouldn't have kissed me if you hadn't been dining out," said the worthy spouse, who appeared to be pleasantly irritated.

Blifkins, who was really worn out by a hard day's work, began to ascend the stairs, when Mrs. B. suggested that he had omitted his usual practice of seeing that the lower part of the house was securely locked up. As the domestics had not retired, he contented himself by urging upon them extra vigilance, and the clock struck nine as he pulled the drapery of his couch (vulgarly known as a mosquito netting), about him and tumbled into the land of dreams. He slept as sweetly as an infant, and would have continued to knock out the slumbers, no doubt, till morning, had not a scream from the kitchen roused the whole household, there being a simultaneous jump on the part of all the occupants, and a yell from the youngest in the crib, who sat up and called for its mother. Benjamin, Mrs. B., Mary Jane B., B. B., Jr., and Matilda B. all rushed to the stairs, and in different tones of voice demanded the cause of the alarm. No response was given, for the kitchen door was closed.

"Why don't you go down and see what's the matter?" said Mrs. B.

"Mary may be killed!" shouted one of the children on the second floor.

"Why don't you go *down*, pa?" screeched the Blifkins heir, who occupied the front attic.

"Mary, Jane, what's the matter?" shouted Blifkins at the top of his lungs.

There was no reply. Neither Mary, the cook (who agreed to take charge of the lower part of the house, but refused to consider the furnace any part of her work), or Jane (engaged to do general housework, but rebellious at the idea of sweeping the front steps), made any sign of life.

"Both murdered, probably, and I should be before you would come down," said Mrs. B.

"Do you wish I should come down just as I am?" asked Blifkins.

Mrs. B. didn't have time to reply, for the children up stairs having very flatly intimated that the father was afraid to go down, resolved to do so themselves, and as they didn't wait for crinoline, Blif. started, accompanied by his *posse comitatus*. The kitchen door was opened by Blifkins with a jerk, and there sat the smiling cook and jubilant maid in perfect repose.

"Who in——the deuce gave that yell?" asked Blif.

"Don't be standing there," said Mrs. Blifkins, who saw there was no trouble; "you'll all get your death o' cold on that canvas carpet."

Instead of making any reply to the query, the cook pulled her apron over her face, and Jane wrapped her head in the roller, and both began to laugh. Blifkins saw the impropriety of his position and retraced his steps, followed by the children, suggesting to Mrs. B. that she had better go and find out what the matter was, adding that he wouldn't have been disturbed in that way for all the girls' necks were worth.

Mrs. Blifkins, after quieting the baby and giving each of the children six pillules of belladonna to keep them from taking cold on account of their sudden exit from their warm beds, proceeded to the kitchen. Mary said it was Jane's fault, and Jane said it was Mary's fault. Mary told Jane an awful story about ghosts, and, just as she had reached a very exciting part there was a loud knocking in, and Mary yelled. Mrs. B. read them a lesson. It is unfortunate that Yerrington was not present to take notes of the address then made. She pictured the sin of the proceeding—the disease which might come to the children from being turned out of bed—the possibility that such a yell uttered in a quiet household might have turned her hair white—"and," said she in conclusion, "Mary, never do such a thing again. What would have been your feelings if, in coming down stairs hastily, Miss Mary Jane had fallen and remained a cripple for life?"

Mary had lived in sixteen different families each year since her sojourn in Boston, and ten years having passed since she stepped ashore from the ship, her acquaintance with milkmen, grocer boys, and city dirtmen was somewhat extensive. Never before had she been so upbraided for a simple yell; though she said nothing to Mrs. B. (aware, no doubt, of the folly of such a proceeding), she at once gave Jane to understand that the next day she should give Mrs. B. "warning," for she had never lived more than a week with a nervous family, and never would.

At ten o'clock the two girls ascended to their room, leaving Mrs. B. still engaged in her book, and as the clock struck eleven, that worthy woman rubbed her eyes and started up, evidently surprised that she was not in bed. She approached the window, and pulling up the curtain, gazed out. It was a bright, clear, cold night, the first of those starry nights which we have in Autumn, and which are peculiarly attractive if one is securely housed and can gaze at the studded firmament without feeling the bite of the frosty atmosphere. As Mrs. B. was looking at the stars, she gave a sudden exclamation, indicative of surprise and wonderment, and immediately hastened to the bedside of Mr. B., who was sleeping soundly.

"Benjamin, Benjamin," she said, gently touching his arm.

Benjamin sat upright in an instant and exclaimed:

"I tell you I hold the right bower."

"Nobody said you didn't," replied Mrs. B., "but wake up, and get out here to the window and look at this aerolite."

Blif. tumbled out and peered into the vacant lot in the rear of his house.

"There, don't you see it," said Mrs. B., pointing to a glistening spot. "I saw the star fall, and there it is."

"Are you sure you saw it fall," inquired Blif.

"I am certain. Don't you suppose I know."

"Sure you aren't deceived?"

"I know I saw it fall, and there it is."

"Send Jane out and pick it up. It will be its brilliancy in a moment."

"Both girls have been a-bed this hour or more."

"Well, I'll go out and get it in the morning then."

"Why not go now, Beany dear?"

"Well, I will; it's a great curiosity, and I guess Harvard College would be glad to get it."

"Mr. B. didn't wait to perfect his toilet. He got inside his underclothes, pulled on an old pair of pants, sticking the bottoms into a pair of India rubber boots which he leaped into, and covering himself with an antique cloak—a family relic which came down to him from a former generation—he prepared to make his exit. Mrs. B. had kept her eye on the aerolite.

"Does it still shine?" asked Blif., as he jammed on a Kossuth hat.

"Not quite so brightly, but I can see it," reported Mrs. B.

"But the thing will be hot, won't it?" queried Benjamin.

"Of course it will," replied Mrs. B.; "but here, take this dipper—be careful, don't spill the milk, for it will do to cool the aerolite."

She handed her husband a silver dipper which had, like the cloak, its connection with her ancestry, and was supposed to have been made in Paris and brought over to this country by Benjamin Franklin, after the independence of this country had been acknowledged. She kept it to heat milk in over the gas stove, and though somewhat tarnished, it was worth just its weight in silver.

Blifkins, in order to reach the open space, was obliged to go out of the front door, and passing down the street, enter through a passage-way. Mrs. B. watched at the window till she saw him on the ground, and then rushing to the parlor, pulled the curtain down, and putting the gas out, stood in the entry waiting the arrival of the treasure. Five minutes elapsed and there was no report. She looked out the front door, but nobody was in sight, and becoming a little alarmed, she went up stairs and gazed forth, but much to her surprise it was darkness visible. She could not see even the spot where the aerolite fell, but she heard voices, and recognized Benjamin's tones, who appeared to be attempting to explain to some one that his name was Blifkins. Unmindful of the baby, she threw the window open and shouted out the name of her dear husband.

"There," said Benjamin, "if you don't believe me now, just come round to the front door."

"Well, I don't object to that," was the reply.

In a second of time Mrs. B. was at the front step, and in two seconds more Blifkins came up accompanied by a policeman.

"There," said Blifkins, "are you satisfied you my name, but you wouldn't believe me. Are you satisfied now?"

"Well, Mr. Blifkins," said the policeman, "if you'd had your everyday harness on I should have recognized you, but with those fancy trimmings and that silver skillet in your hand, you wouldn't expect your best friend to know you. I hope you'll excuse me, but in these times I have to keep my eyes peeled. But I do wish you would tell me what the devil you were doing in that open lot at this time of night with that silver dipper in your hands."

"He went to get the aerolite," broke in Mrs. B., who saw through the trouble. Blif. didn't say a word, but wished from the bottom of his heart that his wife's tongue had been tied.

"What sort of an animal is that?" asked the policeman.

"It is an animal," said Blif., jumping at the door which opened to him—"that is born at eleven o'clock at night and dies before midnight, during the month of November, and my friend, Professor Agassiz, was very anxious to obtain a specimen preserved in milk, and so I tried to get a big one which I saw from my window.

"I never heard of the animal before," said the policeman, who, after again asking to be excused, went on his beat wondering what kind of an animal it could be that lived only an hour.

"You didn't find it, then," said Mrs. B.

"Find it," reiterated Blifkins, "I saw it distinctly, but just as I reached the spot it suddenly became dark, and I could'nt see anything. I picked up an old piece of tin, however."

"Well, that is strange," said Mrs. B. "I noticed that it grew dark almost instantaneously."

Blif. said no more, but as the clock struck twelve he indulged in some remarks about the quiet night he had passed, and was just seeing things twist round before his eyes, which always preceded his sleep, when Mrs. Blifkins nudged him.

"Well, what is it now?" he asked.

"I've just thought, Benjamin, why it grew so dark. It was because I put out the gas in the parlor and pulled the curtain down."

"That's so, I guess," responded Blif., after a moment's thought, "and being so, I think that bit of tin is the aerolite after all."—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

FIRST RIDE ON A RAILROAD.

A STORY is told of an old lady who lived near Rochester, who had never seen or travelled on a railroad. Wanting to go on a visit to a small town a short distance from the city, she thought she would try one of the pesky things. So she went to the ticket office, carrying her reticule on one arm and an old-fashioned rocking-chair on the other. She bought her ticket, walked out on the platform, put down her rocking-chair, sat down in it, took out her knitting and went to work diligently. Steadily she rocked and worked, trains coming in and leaving as the cars came around. The old lady made no attempt to go on the cars, but kept knitting.

The day drew to a close, and night came on. The last train was about starting, when the depot master went up and asked her "if she was going out."

"Yes, sir," replied the old lady.

"Hadn't you better get aboard and secure a seat?" said the depot master.

"Thank you, sir, I am very comfortable," replied the elderly dame.

The train left. The master came round again—"Madam, I shall have to disturb you: it is late, the trains have all left, and we must close the depot. Shall I send you to a hotel?"

"Well," exclaimed the old lady, dropping her knitting and holding up her hands, "ain't the thing going to move? Here I brought my chair from home so as to have a seat on which some pesky man couldn't squeeze himself. I've set here all day waitin' for the thing to go, and here I've had all my trouble for nothing. I thought it was a long time moving. I declare that these here railroads is the biggest nuisance and humbug as ever was!" and the old lady, with bag on one arm and rocking-chair on the other, gave a toss of her head and marched off in high indignation.

She mistook the depot for the cars, and expected to travel in it.

A RIVER THE EMBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE.

THE river, small and clear in its origin, gushes forth from rocks, falls from deep glens, and wantons and meanders through a wild and picturesque country, nourishing only the uncultivated tree or flower by its dew or spray. In this, its state of infancy and youth, it may be compared to the human mind, in which fancy and strength of imagination are predominant; it is more beautiful than useful. When the different rills or torrents join, and descend into the plain, it becomes slow and stately in its motions; it is applied to move machinery, to irrigate meadows, and to bear upon its bosom the stately barge; in this mature state it is deep, strong, and useful. As it flows on toward the sea it loses its force and its motion, and at last, as it were, becomes lost and mingled with the mighty abyss of waters. Pursuing the metaphor farther, we may say that in its origin, its thundering and foam, when it carries down clay from the bank and becomes impure, it resembles the youthful mind affected by dangerous passions. And the influence [illegible] effect of reason in more mature life, when the calm, deep, cool, unimpassioned mind is freed from its fever, its troubles, bubbles, noise, and foam. And above all, the sources of a river, which may be considered as belonging to the atmosphere, and its termination in the ocean may be regarded as imaging the divine origin of the human mind, and its being ultimately returned to and lost in the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence from which it sprang.

ACCIDENTAL INSURANCE.

BETWEEN Kenosh and Milwaukee an agent of the Travellers' Insurance Company of Hartford entered the car, and having issued tickets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterward appeared, was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accident?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting his tickets.

"I got my ticket down to Kenosh."

"Not a railroad ticket, madam; I want to know if you would like to insure your life against accident."

"I'm going up to Oshkosh to visit my darter, who's married up there and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accident?"

"She's been married two years and a half, and this's the first child. It's a gal."

Agent still louder—

"I am an insurance agent, madam; don't you want to insure your life against accident?"

"She got along first rate, and is doing as well as could be expected."

Agent at the top of his voice—

"I'm an insurance agent, madam; can't I insure your life against accident?"

"Oh, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No, her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosh."

ALBERT PIKE, who is now living at Memphis, has fallen a victim to a confidence man, who called at his house and succeeded in stealing five hundred dollars in gold.

A MAN named Johnson, who had been sentenced to death in North Carolina for highway robbery, committed on a railroad, has appealed to the Supreme Court, contending that a railroad is not a highway. The most eminent lawyers of the State will discuss the matter.

AN old gentleman, named Niklaus, died very suddenly at Madison, Indiana, on Wednesday. He had gone into the cellar for wood, and staying rather long, some one started to look after him, when he was discovered lying on his back in the cellar, dead. His death was supposed to have been caused by extreme age, or heart disease.

THE New York *Observer* says: "The Rev. Mr. Grammer, an Episcopal clergyman of Baltimore, is reported to have had a very narrow escape from an awful death in Switzerland, a few days ago. The mule on which he was riding went over a frightful precipice, and was dashed to pieces. Mr. Grammer caught hold of the limbs of a tree, and was saved.

The Columbian.

GEORGE H. MOORE, EDITOR.

BLOOMSBURG, SATURDAY, DEC. 1, 1866.

SPECULATORS.

Just before any important event there will always be found speculators on its particular points. But a President's message is the acme of delight to these prophesiers. What the President will say in regard to Europe, the demands he will make upon foreign potentates for redress of an imaginary injury or a real one, as the case may be, is told with all the deliberate expressions of one fully in the confidence of the Executive. Still, by a close inspection of these efforts, it will be seen that there is a general rule to go by. The antecedents of the President being well known, his amount of firmness in the line of any given policy having been sufficiently demonstrated, the field for speculation is spread wide before them.

It is thus easily seen that with a man of such firmness of character as President Johnson, and whose Executive policy is well known, these prophets have been offered a rare opportunity of exercising their powers. We are told beforehand what the President will say to Congress, what he will say to the people, and what he will say to foreign powers. There is just enough difference in their speculations to show that more than one person is engaged in them.

We do not suppose there can be much doubt about the President's future course. His ability when in the Senate to withstand a powerful opposition has not deserted him in the Presidential chair. That his course in the future will be much the same as it has been we have no reason to doubt.

A great deal is said about the results of the late elections as an influence upon the President's line of policy—that being so identified with the people in all he does, he cannot overlook this emphatic expression of their views. But we do not see how these could be exerted as an influence with a man of the stamp of President Johnson. He is emphatically one of the people, and his acts are identified with the best interests of the people. The late elections were far from being faithful expressions of popular opinion. What we want as an expression of the popular feeling is a great mass meeting of the people of all parts of the country, or what would be better, let there be numbers of them. These will show the true feeling that predominates in the minds of the populace, and we have no fear as to the emphatic endorsement of President Johnson. When the *whole* people show a wish for a different policy than that of President Johnson, it will be time to say that he is not with the people.

A RADICAL ORATOR.

readers may have heard of General Clinton B. Fisk, or Fiske, rather, for that warrior elongated his name with a final e about the time that the late A. Lincoln added him to the vast and glorious company of paper generals. Fiske (pronounced Fisky under the new spelling, and intended to hint toward French extraction) by no means won his military honors in the deadly breach. He rose, like an aeronaut, by the lifting power of "gas." He shot up with marvellous velocity from the useful but somewhat humble position of a weeder and packer of onions on the outskirts of Weathersfield, Connecticut, to the elevated rank of Major-General United States Army, without either fighting a battle or seeing one, although his friends aver that he once *heard* one. The fact is that Fisky (this Yankee-France cognomen is charming) had neither appetite nor aptitude for fighting. He "snuffed battles afar off," after the fashion of the war-horse, but, unlike that imprudent animal, his fancy was to get as far away from their sulphurous and suggestive fragrance as a stout and nimble pair of legs would carry him.

But while Fisky's sword rusted his tongue and pen were never idle. He wrote periodical letters to what are called "religious newspapers" in the North, recording "a wonderful work of grace" in some benighted negro-quarter, which was always sure to be progressing (by the Lord's help) under the auspices of Fisky. That was his tack. He became a distributor of tracts. He led prayer-meetings at which the souls of multitudes of Africans were brought into a hopeful condition of orthodoxy, and these blessed additions to the company of the faithful, as registered by Fisky, and printed by Radical newspapers everywhere, wakened hallelujahs in all the Radical churches. Hardihood of nose acquired in the culture of the onion was of infinite service to F. in his labors among the pious and perspiring blacks. Soon the fervent Fisky began to reap his reward. He was prayed for and puffed so persistently in the shoddy meeting-houses which dot the plains and decorate the crags of New England, that he would have been a downright ass to fight battles when fame, rank, bars, and then stars, came to him cheap, in plenty, and without a particle of personal peril. Why "seek the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth" when it could be had just by, at a freedmen's camp-meeting or a "Colored Ladies' Dorcas Society?" So reasoned Fisky, and soundly, too, as the event proved, for in due time he found himself a Major-General, and at the close of the war was transferred to the Freedmen's Bureau, and made Assistant Commissioner and Military Commander over Kentucky, Tennessee, and portions of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

Here Fisky found himself suited to his mind—the fighting all over, so that there was no danger even of being *accidentally* shot—plenty of niggers, plenty of plunder, and plenty of power. He carried things for a season with a high hand—impoverished the helpless and enriched himself—lived luxuriously, attended by as many blacks as an Eastern pacha. In short, although his piety had always been profitable, never before had he such an occasion as during this brief season of bliss to clap his hands and cry out, "Godliness is great gain!"

But suddenly, without inward monition or visible warning of the dire calamity at hand, there came an order from Andrew Johnson which stripped Fisky, in the twinkling of an eye, of all his power, and turned him loose without pay, emoluments, or shoulder-straps, on the long path which led back to his native Weathersfield. *He didn't take that path, however.* Much as the Yankees affect to love "New Ing-*gland*," (heavy emphasis on "*gland*") the first effort of the infant born there, after a preliminary whetting of his faculties and features on his paternal rocks, *is to get away;* and the last thought that crosses his brain when age approaches and he has cheated some distant community out of a competence, is that of returning to lay his own bones at home. A thoughtful fear that his indigent cousins there might be tempted to work them up into buttons perhaps has something to do with this.

Fisky, therefore, instead of going home, has been wandering over the country, delivering lectures, making long prayers, and collecting money to provide the Carolina blacks with tracts and trowsers. His "honest-earnings" in this way must foot up handsomely. Of course he engages the sympathies of the loyal by a pathetic account of his expulsion from the Bureau, and kindles their virtuous indignation with harrowing tales of "the murder of freedmen," etc., under the auspices of "the perjured Johnson." We read one of these veracious harangues in the New York *Tribune* the other day, reported in full. Hence these little reminiscences of the orator. Should he chance to come this way, let our readers keep his history and services in mind and treat his hat when he passes it round with the proper respect. A wolf in sheep's clothing is a disreputable and unpopular beast at best, but we fancy that few specimens of the kind have ever travelled the country in a heavier suit of "wool" than that which veils the voracity of *Fisky.*—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

THE FUTURE OF MEXICO UNDER A NATIVE GOVERNMENT.

That something has taken place between the Governments of France and the United States to enable the latter to give a more direct and open support to Juarez than it has hitherto done, or could have done, consistently with its former professions, no one who has watched the recent course of events can doubt. In its correspondence with France the Government of the Union has repeatedly declared its strict neutrality in Mexico, but in General Sheridan's letter to General Sedgwick the abandonment of this policy is openly [illegible] against the "Imperial buccaneers," as well as against Ortega and Santa Anna, is asserted. Any arrangement which promises to give Mexico a Government capable of protecting life and property must be considered a benefit to that country. The French, in advancing upon the City of Mexico four years ago, announced as their aim the overthrow of President Juarez. In so doing *they deprived Mexico of the best chance of obtaining a strong Government which it had enjoyed for many years.* It was from the first impossible that they could give Mexico a Government; *they only gave it one faction the more.* The millions they have spent in Mexico are irrecoverably lost. Juarez reappears as the only practicable ruler of Mexico, and the Emperor Napoleon has failed in the greatest enterprise of his reign. All the mischief that has been done comes of attributing an inordinate efficacy to the initiative of individuals giving themselves out for "men of Providence," "saviours," and "regenerators" of society, and the like. All the recovery that can be hoped for must be effected, as is now acknowledged, by returning to the old system of observing nature and following her indications. With a native Government supported by a powerful neighbor, and relieved from the preposterous load of debt which the Emperor Maximilian had contracted in its name, Mexico will have a better prospect of order and prosperity than she has had for many years.—*From the London Daily News, November 17.*

GENERAL SHERMAN'S MISSION.

I have reason to know that General Sherman's mission to Mexico—the news of which renders the French Government journals almost speechless—is to the full as important as they manifestly understand it to be. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in a dispatch which has been published, promised distinctly that the French army would evacuate Mexico in three detachments, the first of which was to leave it at the beginning of December. For reasons unexplained, the transports which were fitting out at Cherbourg to fulfil this contract received counter orders. Something was thrown out about waiting for General Castelpau's return from his mission to Maximilian, and it has been said in the Government Press that it would be more convenient to bring the whole army back together next Spring. To any such changes of the original arrangement I can, however, assure you that the United States have been no party. And, moreover, the United States intend to proceed upon the assumption that France will act up the letter of M. Drouyn de Lhuys's dispatch. It will be found that General Sherman has instructions to assume that the contract is fulfilled, and to ignore the fact of the French troops not having gone away so soon as promised. If their presence should oppose difficulties to the arrangements which he will make with the only Government recognized by the United States—that of Juarez—the fault will be with France, which will find itself in the disagreeable position of a person who, having distinctly taken leave of the master of the house, yet hangs about the premises. —*Paris Correspondence London Daily News.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A New Book by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.

T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia, have in press and will publish on Saturday, December fifteenth, a new book, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, entitled "The Bride of Llewellyn," which will, beyond all doubt, prove to be the most popular and successful work that has ever been written by her, for she is beyond all question the most powerful female writer in America, if not in the world. No one ever read a chapter of one of her works, without wishing to read the whole book, and none ever read one of her books without admiring the rare genius of its author, and wishing that she might soon write another. Her scenes are life-pictures, her incidents are founded on facts, and her sentiments are characterized by a singular purity both of conception and expression. She has the rare faculty of saying what she means, and of saying it in such a manner that a meaning cannot be misinterpreted. In short, she possesses in an eminent degree those qualifications which are the peculiar prerogatives of a good writer; and while she delights the reader's imagination with her descriptive beauty, she applies home truths to his understanding with the force of rational conviction. The "Bride of Llewellyn" will be welcomed by all such readers especially; and those who have never read the works of this gifted woman should not fail to buy and read this new novel by this gifted American authoress.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A simple but touching ballad, by Miss Alice Cary, entitled "Uncle Joe," opens the December number of this popular magazine. An instructive, entertaining, and well-written article, by Mr. Charles Hallock, gives us the "Secrets of Sable Island," and in "A Reminiscence of Sleepy Hollow," E. Guilbert gossips pleasantly of the old home of Washington Irving, of whom one or two interesting anecdotes are thrown in. Each of these articles is illustrated, and in respect of spirit and delicacy of work several of the engravings deserve the highest praise. Miss Mary Titcomb contributes a very interesting paper on the great painter, Gilbert Charles Stuart; Charles Manson sketches "Behind the Scenes" in a way which is sure to sharpen the curiosity of tyros to get a glimpse of that famous locality for themselves. "Mark Twain" edits the "logs" of the Captain and two passengers of the clipper-ship *Hornet*, which was burned in the Pacific Ocean in May of the present year. A graphic and appreciative sketch of John Bright, and one, too, which just now will be read [illegible] interchanges, &c. &c. of "Iuside," begins a serial entitled "The Virginians in Texas," which promises well. The short stories, "The Work of Salvation," "The Twenty-third of July," and "Vine Lane," are all decidedly above the average of magazine stories.

Galaxy. New York: W. C. and F. P. Church.

By a curious conjunction the poems of Walt Whitman and of Swinburne are reviewed in the *Galaxy*. There are in the same number papers on "The American Cavalry of the Revolution," by A. S. Brackett; "America, the Land of Wealth," by J. A. Church; "Mosby and his Men," by J. F. Pitts. This last is a well-written and interesting story of the war. The poetry of the number is not up to the average.

Atlantic Monthly. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

The number for December opens with reminiscences of Rev. John Pierpont, by John Neal. The paper "Through Broadway" is scholarly and entertaining, and is in the best vein of that admirable essayist, H. T. Tuckerman. Glimpses of life in India, especially its domestic phases, are given by Mr. J. W. Palmer, who writes of "My Heathen at Home." G. Reynolds discusses "Borneo and Rajah Brooke," and C. C. Hazewell writes of the "Fall of Austria." The "Passage from Hawthorne's Note-Books" are as original, characteristic, and suggestive as ever. Fiction is represented by the continuation of "Katharine Morne" and by "The Singing-School Romance," the author of which must be a disciple of Hahnemann, judging from the extent to which he dilutes the trivial incident upon which the story is founded. The political article this month upon "Reconstruction" is said to embody the views of Mr. Fred. Douglass.

Young Folks. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

The number for December having failed to reach us, we are unable to give the usual critical notice of this popular favorite.

Spurgeon's church has thirty-five hundred members.

The guano at Chincha Islands is nearly exhausted.

The street cars of New Albany, Indiana, are supplied with stoves.

The Sunday liquor law in St. Louis has been annulled by the Supreme Court of Missouri.

A prize fight for the championship of England is arranged to come off next April, near London.

The Western Union Telegraph Company have laid a cable in Vineyard Sound, connecting Holmes' with Woods' Hole. It is prepared also to extend telegraphic communication with Nantucket by a cable.

The Chicago lake tunnel was completed on Saturday. The centre lines from both ends coincided within nine and a half inches, while the floors of each tunnel join with a difference of one inch. This triangular computation is a great engineering feat.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

News by the Cable to Tuesday, November 27.

A Fenian Outbreak Imminent in Ireland.

Strong and Bitter Language of the London Press.

THE FENIANS WARNED TO EXPECT NO MERCY FROM ENGLAND.

The First Uprising to be Stamped out with an Iron Heel.

The London Press on on the Alabama Claims.

FENIANISM.

THE EXPECTED OUTBREAK IN IRELAND —VOICE OF THE LONDON PRESS.

London, Tuesday, November 27.

A marked sensation is manifested here at the prospect of an immediate outbreak in Ireland.

All the London papers to-day, except the *Post*, simultaneously use strong and bitter language against the Fenians, and warn them that they will receive no mercy.

The *Times* says: "The rebellion must be stamped out, as we stamped out the cattle plague."

The *News* says: "England must put down relentlessly the seditious movements which her misrule has stirred up."

The *Telegraph* declares "that measures must be taken which will render it certain that the very first symptoms of revolt shall be stamped out with an iron heel."

The *Star* says: "Englishmen dread the odious necessity of crushing any rebel movement."

The *Standard* says: "Captured robbers should certainly be left to the just rigor of the law; and there should be no hope for them from the United States."

The *Morning Herald*, referring to the condemned Fenians in Canada, says: "There should be no loophole of escape for future offenders."

Troops are being sent to Ireland, and gunboats are sailing for Irish ports.

AN ACTUAL OUTBREAK IN IRELAND REPORTED—REPRESSIVE MEASURES.

London, Tuesday, November 27.

The Fenian troubles in Ireland have assumed considerable proportions, and there is no doubt that a serious outbreak has occurred.

Two regiments of National troops were urgently ordered to Ireland yesterday afternoon, and transports were [illegible] immediately.

A large detachment of marines were also sent over to Queenstown.

A gunboat at Chatham has been ordered to sail for Queenstown immediately.

Much alarm is felt at Cork and throughout Ireland generally.

The London *Times* this morning believes that the Chief Organizer, Stephens, will soon arrive on the scene, if indeed he has not already.

The *Globe* editorially hints that more serious trouble with the United States is really at the bottom of the Fenian outbreak.

WHAT IS EXPECTED OF THE UNITED STATES.

London, Tuesday, November 27.

The *Morning Herald* believes that the Government of the United States will endeavor to defeat the Fenian plots at the proper time.

FRANCE AND UNITED STATES.

AN IMPORTANT TELEGRAM FROM THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO ITS MINISTER AT PARIS.

London, Tuesday, November 27.

A telegraphic dispatch was received yesterday from Washington by the United States Minister at Paris. The dispatch was a very long one, occupying many hours in transmission, and it is believed that it relates to the Mexican question.

ENGLAND AND UNITED STATES.

THE ALABAMA CASE.

London, Tuesday, November 27.

The *Morning Herald* to-day says that United States Minister Adams has revived the Alabama case. A Cabinet meeting will soon be held, when the case will receive the consideration which its importance deserves.

TRADE REFORM IN ENGLAND.

London, Tuesday, November 27.

It is officially announced that the Government has peremptorily refused the use of the parks for trade reform demonstrations.

FRANCE.

RUMORS OF A CHANGE IN THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

Paris, Tuesday, November 27.

There are rumors that changes are about to be made in the French Cabinet.

ITALY.

A MISSION TO ROME.

Florence, Tuesday, November 27.

The Italian Government has determined to send Vegezzi on a mission to Rome.

There are thirty-five hundred oil wells in Venango County, of which about one half are producing, and of these one fifth average, when worked, five barrels per day.

A Catholic revival is going on in Taunton, Massachusetts, which has resulted in the conversion of six or seven young men and women of the Protestant faith, who are now receiving instructions preparatory to being confirmed into the Catholic Church.

GENERAL PRESS DISPATCHES.

From Washington.

THE ARREST OF ORTEGA.

In order to clear up the doubts as to the cause of the arrest of Ortega, and the authority upon which it was made, I am enabled to say that General Sheridan acted upon his own motion in ordering the arrest of Ortega and his party. General Sheridan has communicated the particulars of the arrest and the reasons that induced his action, and the Government approves his course. It appears that Ortega, in the opinion of General Sheridan, was violating our neutrality laws, and that he is supported in Mexico by a very small part of British and French merchants—these being really the only adherents or supporters of Ortega in Northern Mexico—the Mexican or native population almost unanimously supporting Juarez. Ortega contemplated a *coup d'etat*, and had no supporters except the former adherents of Maximilian. It is further stated that the object of the French and English merchants was to control the valuable trade in Northern Mexico, and prevent American merchants from monopolizing the same. Prior to the arrest of Ortega affairs were in a disturbed condition, but now there is confidence and tranquility upon the Rio Grande.

WITHDRAWAL OF FRENCH TROOPS POSTPONED.

Since the special meeting of the Cabinet yesterday afternoon, there has been the greatest interest manifested as to the purpose of this extraordinary convening of that body, and various speculations have been sent off to the Northern Press on the subject. We are enabled to state positively that the Cabinet was called together to consider our foreign relations. In this connection it may be stated that it is known that the French Government has declared its purpose to disregard the arrangement for the withdrawal of the first detachment of French troops from Mexico, during this month, as agreed upon by Mr. Seward and Drouyn de Lhuys. The French Emperor has notified our Government that he cannot effect the withdrawal of the troops until next Spring, when he proposes to embark the entire force at once. In view of the failure of Napoleon to comply with his agreement to withdraw a portion of these troops, and inasmuch as the notification of this forfeiture of the agreement comes at this late day, our Government is not disposed to put full confidence in the further promises of the French Emperor. There is reason for believing that this matter was the immediate cause of the Cabinet meeting on Thursday, and Friday of last week the subject was again considered in the regular session. General Grant being present by request of the President. It is intimated in official circles that instructions have been sent to our Minister in France to demand the immediate withdrawal of the French troops from Mexico.

REDUCED ESTIMATES.

The estimates for the next year will be much less than heretofore, especially in the War Department. The Quartermaster-General, who formerly required enormous appropriations, will not ask a dollar for the coming year.

THE CONSERVATIVE ARMY AND NAVY UNION.

The Conservative Army and Navy Union, at their meeting on Thursday night of last week, after a warm discussion, passed by a two-thirds vote a series of resolutions declaring that the proposed Constitutional Amendment ought to be rejected, and that, in the judgment of that organization, it is clearly the duty of the Conservative Press throughout the country to appeal to the Northern and Southern States to extend suffrage to the negro on such qualified basis as may be deemed proper and just.

THE LATE ELECTIONS.

In conversation with a friend a few days since, President Johnson remarked that it was a mistaken idea that the recent elections had established the fact that the coming Congress would be more Radical than ever. The elections had indeed perpetuated the power of Congress, but the same elections had established the fact that the Constitutional Amendment could not be passed. Was it not therefore the duty and interest of both parties to unite on some middle plan that would admit the South on terms satisfactory to the North? Although the President did not distinctly refer to the plan of Universal Suffrage and Universal Amnesty, he was understood to allude to it.

JACOB THOMPSON.

A statement has been published that the President has given to Mrs. Thompson permission for her husband, Jacob Thompson, to return home. This is untrue. He positively refused to give any such permission, but said Thompson must take the consequences of returning, as other prominent Rebels still abroad.

DISABLED SOLDIERS.

A considerable number of crippled discharged soldiers are constantly arriving here from Northern cities to enlist in the invalid corps of the army. Many are having their fare paid from the funds of Soldiers' Homes, charitable, and other institutions, and as no more cripples are received into the army, these men are thrown penniless upon the Board of Relief of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, and must be supported or furnished transportation to their homes. The fact that such men are not recruited here should be made public, and their coming discouraged.

A French electrician, M. Charles, says that a lightning rod protects a circular space (around the rod), the radius of which is equal to twice the height of the rod above the roof of the building to which it is attached. According to this theory, if a rod extends ten feet above the top of a house, it protects a circular space of forty feet in diameter.

FEARFUL TRAGEDY IN IOWA.

On Thursday evening, November eighth, J. W. Myers, a resident of Manchester, deliberately shot and killed his own child, and attempted to finish his bloody work by murdering his wife. It appears that on the evening in question he obtained a pint of brandy at a drug store and proceeded home. He appeared to be in his usual health and spirits, and partook of a hearty supper.

After dining he remarked to his wife that he would address a note to his mother, and having written and folded the same, he put it in his pocket. He then kissed his wife in an affectionate manner, stepped into the kitchen, took down a shot-gun which had been previously loaded with buck-shot, and deliberately fired upon his wife through an open door. The charge passed over her head and through the front door casing. He then passed out and around the house to the east window, and pointing the muzzle of the gun through one of the panes, discharged the other at his mother-in-law, who was standing in the front room with his babe, a child eight months of age, in her arms. He probably intended to kill her, but missed his aim, the shot hitting the little innocent in the back, and passing through came out in the region of the abdomen, killing it almost instantly and badly shattering the hand of his mother-in-law. He intended to kill them all, and supposing that the deed was finished, he turned and fled to the barn, which stood near by, and completed the bloody chapter by cutting with his own hand his throat from ear to ear.

The whole of this transpired in a very few moments, and, aroused by the discharge of the gun and the screams of the women, the citizens rushed to the spot. On bursting into the house a scene met the gaze that beggars description, and caused the stoutest hearts to tremble with an undefinable horror. Up and down the room, frantic with terror, rushed the mother-in-law, her dress clotted with blood, which but a few moments before had coursed in the veins of the child that reclined in her lap, while the young wife, stupified by what had taken place, was more dead than alive. In the uproar and confusion no one thought of making search for the author of all the misery, and it was supposed that he had fled; but about an hour and a half afterward his body was found, his life being extinct, his throat being fearfully gashed from ear to ear, while around and beneath him the floor was covered with a crimson torrent.

The escape of the wife was almost miraculous. In the side of the wall, opposite the place where she stood, can be counted the holes of twelve large buckshot. He fired at her head, but his excitement prevented a deliberate aim, and the shot passed over her harmless.

Mr. Myers was a young man thirty years of age, a tinner by trade, quiet, industrious, of sober habits, and much respected as a citizen. Several letters were found on his person, some addressed to his wife, and another to the public, wherein he accused her of infidelity. Jealousy was undoubtedly the inciting cause which led to the perpetrating of the fearful deed, although it is not known whether he ever had any grounds for suspicion or not, his wife being a woman highly respected.—*Dubuque (Iowa) Herald.*

IMPROPER CONDUCT OF TEACHERS.

On Tuesday of last week very reprehensible conduct was perpetrated in the public schools of Ebensburg, this county. A Mr. Singleton, a young sprig of a lawyer, who was a candidate for District-Attorney last year on the Disunion ticket and was defeated of course, is now employed as Superintendent of the schools in Ebensburg. He teaches the higher class. He has for one of his assistants, who teaches a younger class of scholars in the same building, a Miss Eliza Jones.

Mr. John Blair, a worthy citizen of Ebensburg, and the keeper of a very respectable hotel in that town, has a bright little boy of about twelve years of age, who was attending the school or class taught by Miss Jones. It seems that a shiny, black-faced, woolly-headed little negro girl was attending the same school. Miss Jones ordered the intelligent little white boy to sit beside the little black girl (an unusual place to seat boys beside girls in school under any circumstances). The white boy refused, said he "would rather sit on the floor than beside the nigger." The mistress told him "it was a better place to sit than in a bar-room with Copperheads." This expression showed most conclusively the partisan feeling of her conduct. The white boy still refused. The partisan teacher then locked the door so that no one could get out to report her proceedings. It is said Mr. Singleton did the same with the door of his room in the same building. Miss Jones then commenced flogging the white boy for not sitting beside the negro girl, and during nearly half a day, it is said, she most unmercifully whipped him, until "the boy was so bruised and mangled that he could hardly reach his father's house."

If our informant has given us the truth, we look upon this as one of the most diabolical acts we have ever recorded. The attempt to teach miscegenation in a school-room, and to enforce it with cruel and unmitigated punishment, is a crime of so horrid and revolting a character that should condemn its perpetrators to the deepest scorn and contempt of every human being.—*Johnstown Democrat, November 14.*

A London correspondent, referring to the want of hotel accommodations that will be felt in Paris during the great Exposition, branches off into the subject of hotel-keeping generally. To insure success in such an undertaking, he recommends the employment of American stewards. So it seems at least one "vexed question" is settled at last, and it is only an American after all that can "keep a hotel."

NEWS ITEMS.

Crime is rampant in Chicago.

Nine failures in Lynn, Massachusetts, within the last month.

Very fine oysters are selling at the wharves in Alexandria at fifty cents per bushel.

Quarantine on vessels from New Orleans has been removed.

Hon. Cave Johnson, of Tennessee, died last Friday.

The Lake Erie fisheries, along the peninsula, are realizing handsome profits.

Three large whales were seen in the harbor off Fortress Monroe a few days ago.

Boots.—To make boots last four years. Grease well with a mixture of tallow, lamp black, and beeswax; then set them away in a closet. This method has never been known to fail.

The Wilmington (North Carolina) *Journal* says that the peanut crop of that section of the State will be about half as large as before the war. The average then was about eighty thousand bushels.

A new island is forming in the Missouri River opposite St. Joseph, and two citizens have built a shanty on it in order to secure the first claim to entry when the Government places it in the market. It is two miles long.

The report of the Secretary of State of Illinois, now going through the press, will show the total receipts of the treasury during the last year to be $1,850,000, and the disbursements $1,874,000. The present debt of the State is $2,282,000—a reduction of $110,000 within the year.

We have late advices from Montana. Snow had fallen to a great depth in the region of Fort Benton. The plains were covered to the depth of three feet, and several westward-bound trains, with women and children, were enduring untold misery.

It is said that the negroes of Mobile established a savings bank a short time since, and it got along swimmingly until a circus came along, when the depositors drew all the money out in order to attend it.

The American yacht *Alice* is laid up at East Cowes for the Winter, none of the English yachts having accepted Mr. Appleman's challenge to race for one hundred pounds. The *Alice* will probably sail for Boston on or before the first of May next.

It is stated that the report of the Secretary of War, to be submitted with the President's Message at the opening of Congress, will show that there is but one Revolutionary pensioner living—Samuel Dunn, who enlisted in New Hampshire, but who lives in New York.

A dispatch from Des Moines, Iowa, says a party consisting of Daniel Ellis, Mrs. Baker, Miss Baker, and two young ladies by the name of Manners, a boy of nine years, and another young lady, left Knoxville, Iowa, in October last, to cross the plains, were captured by the Indians, and all but the three young ladies were killed.

The Good Templars of the Susquehanna District held a Convention at Shippensburg, Cumberland County, last week. The attendance was very large and reports from all quarters speak of a flourishing condition of the order. The next session of the Convention will be held at Harrisburg, February, 1867.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* estimates the population of Cincinnati at two hundred and ten thousand. In 1825 that city contained but sixteen thousand inhabitants; Newport and Covington were petty villages; the suburbs were nothing; no railroads existed; and turnpikes were unknown.

An old colored woman, after watching anxiously for two nights for the meteors, propounded the following interrogatory to another of her race: "Where am dem fire stars dat were to shoot last night, what de white folks talk so much about?" The other replied: "I guess dat Ben Butler is been about and bottled dem all up."

A man named Martin Tate, living in Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, died a few nights ago of hydrophobia. He had been bitten by a rabid dog nine weeks ago, and was under a seemingly successful medical treatment when he became unduly excited at some domestic mishap, took sick immediately thereafter, and died in the most terrible agonies.

Market Report.

Wheat per bushel	[illegible]
Rye "	[illegible]
Corn "	[illegible]
Flour per barrel	[illegible]
Shorts per cwt	[illegible]
Flaxseed	[illegible]
Butter	[illegible]
Eggs	[illegible]
Tallow	[illegible]
Potatoes	[illegible]
Dried Apples	[illegible]
Pork	[illegible]
Hams	[illegible]
Sides and Shoulders	[illegible]
Lard per pound	[illegible]
Hay per ton	[illegible]

Administrator's Notice.—Letters of Administration on the estate of Abraham Reed, late of Fishing Creek Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Wills, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims against the said estate to present them to

DIANA ROBBINS,
JACKSON LABOUR,
Fishing Creek, October 24, 1866.-3t

Notice.—All persons knowing themselves indebted to either of the undersigned, on Bond, Note, or Judgment, are requested to make payment without delay, if they would save costs.

M'KELVEY, NEAL & CO., and
WILLIAM M'KELVEY & CO.

To Hotel and Saloon Keepers of Bloomsburg and Columbia County.—I have appointed Mr. B. Stoltzer agent for the sale of my ale, porter, brown stout, and lager beer, who will supply you at the same price paid with the same articles, and would furnish you from the brewery. Knowing that he will be punctual and attentive to all who may favor him with their trade, I solicit for him your support. Very respectfully,

FRED. LAUER,
Sharp Brewery, Reading, Pa.

Estate of Abraham Mensch, deceased.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of Abraham Mensch, late of Locust Township, in the County of Columbia, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons having claims or demands against the estate of the said decedent are requested to make the same known without delay, and those indebted to said estate to make immediate payment to

ANDREW GRAHAM or
CHARLES M'ENROE,
Roaring Creek P.O., Columbia County, Pa.

ALL KINDS OF BLANKS
CAN BE HAD AT THIS OFFICE.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

SEE advertisement in another column of that popular illustrated paper, Harper's Weekly.

ADVERTISE.—The attention of our patrons is directed to our advertising columns. Those who advertise are liberal minded business men.

WILLIAM L. MADDOCK AND CO. dealers in fine groceries, No. 115 South Third Street (opposite the Girard Bank) Philadelphia.

THE largest buckwheat crop ever raised in Pennsylvania was harvested this Fall. This is the opinion of agriculturists.

A SERIES of prayer-meetings has been commenced at the Lutheran Church, and another will begin at the Methodist Church to-night.

MR. LUCAS M. MOYER has recently returned from Philadelphia with a judiciously-selected stock of drugs, medicines, chemicals, etc. Our readers wishing anything in his line cannot do better than by purchasing of him.

A NEW BOOK, by the popular authress, Mrs. Ann, S. Stephens," entitled "The Soldiers Orphans," is announced in our advertising columns, T. B. Peterson and Brothers are the publishers, No. 306 Chestnut Street Philadelphia.

WE trust all patrons indebted to this office will avail themselves of the opportunity next week to send in that amount of indebtedness, by some one coming to court. The sums for advertising, job work, etc., are small, but they make up the large sums needed to carry on our business.

ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Montgomery, of this place, widow of the late Alexander Montgomery, met with quite a serious accident on Wednesday last, by missing her foothold and falling down stairs. In falling she struck her head and shoulders, bruising herself badly. For some twenty-four hours the shock affected her mind, but later information states that she is improving in health. Mrs. M. is quite advanced in years.—*Danville Intelligencer.*

TO BE INSTALLED.—On Monday next the Associate Judges elect, Mr. Peter Hughes and Mr. James Curry, will be sworn into office and don the Honorable. They will make good and capable officers. The retiring Associates, Hon. Robert Moore and Hon. Joseph Dean, have always presided with dignity on the bench, and fulfilled their duties to the public in a manner that has met universal approval from all parties.—*Danville Intelligencer.*

WINTER is approaching, with its promises of pleasure for the rich, and its burden of suffering for the poor. Let the former give to the latter some of the bounty with which fortune has blessed them, and do all in their power, as they are able, to make those who are more unfortunate than themselves comfortable. Give work to the industrious, and alms to the helpless. Winter is the season that tries men's souls and dispositions, and selfishness and charitableness are then to be seen undisguised. It is time for good men and good deeds to show themselves.

IT is a well-known fact that a young gentleman ran away with a talented, beautiful, and accomplished young lady of this place. It appears, from admissions made by the young lady, that the young man dressed in such good taste that she could not resist him. But it seems that the young lady's father, who is of a quite practical turn of mind, saw the matter in a different light. The old gentleman has since purchased a suit of clothes at the establishment patronized by the young man, and became convinced, from actual experience, that no lady could withstand the attraction of such elegant clothes. Consequently he sent for the erring pair, bestowed upon them his pardon and blessing. It is perhaps superfluous to add that the clothing in question was purchased at the establishment of J. W. Chemberlin

RE-ARRESTED.—The notorious rowdy, Joe Hale, who was arrested in this place last Fall, charged with passing counterfeit money, rioting, and other crimes, and who broke jail the subsequent January, was re-arrested last Sunday at a farm-house about three miles from town. Sheriff Shelhart, assisted by ex-Sheriff Young, and policeman Limberger, effected the arrest. The fellow made a show of resistance when the ribbons were about to be applied to his wrists, but a slight compression of his windpipe by one of the officers persuaded him to be civil. The scamp had been in town the preceding evening, indulging in his usual swagger and bravado. After the next session of Court we judge this community will not be troubled with his presence.—*Danville Intelligencer.*

"MY BOY DRUNK!"—"Drunk!—my boy drunk!" and the tears started from the mother's eyes, and she bent her head in unutterable sorrow. In that moment the vision of a useful and an honorable career were destroyed; and one of worthlessnes, if not absolute dishonor, presented itself. Well did she know that intemperance walks hand in hand with poverty, shame, and death; and her mother heart was pierced as with a sharp pointed steel. Ah, young man! if the holy feeling of love for her who bore you is not dead within you, shun that which gives her pain; adhere to that which gives her joy. If she is with you on earth, she does not, cannot desire to see her son a drunkard; if she is with her Father in Heaven, shun that course of life which shuts the gates of Heaven against you, and debars you from her society forever. The drunkard cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—ESTATE of DANIEL W. MONTGOMERY, deceased. Letters testamentary on the estate of Daniel W. Montgomery, late of Orangeville, Columbia County, have been granted by the Register of Columbia County to Peter Ent, of Light Street, Pa. All persons having claims against the estate are requested to present them for settlement, and those indebted to the estate either on note or book account will make payment to the Executor without delay. PETER ENT, Executor.
dec1-6t

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.—ANN S. STEPHENS'S NEW BOOK!

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHANS, By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Gold Brick," "The Old Homestead," "Silent Struggles," "Mary Derwent," "Rejected Wife," "The Heiress," "The Wife's Secret," etc.

This new book, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, has been pronounced by all to be by far the best and most interesting ever written by her. It appeared in monthly instalments in "Peterson's Magazine" during the last year, having been completed in the December number, where it proved to be the most popular, powerful, and successful novel that has ever appeared in that Magazine, and it is now published complete and unabridged, in one large duodecimo volume, uniform with the "Gold Brick," "Fashion and Famine," and the other works of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens published by us. It will no doubt prove to be the most popular and successful work that has ever been written by this talented American authoress.

"Mrs. Stephens has justly become a favorite with all American readers of prose fiction, and the announcement of a new work from her graceful pen is cheerful news to thousands of readers. And there is a rare treat in store for them, for in "The Soldier's Orphans" Mrs. Stephens has, if anything, eclipsed all her former efforts. There is less redundancy of scene and action, but there is far more artistic excellence, and an elaboration of causes and effects, attainable only by practised writers. The action of the new novel transpires in Philadelphia, and beyond the limits of the city the authoress does not permit herself to stray. The time selected by Mrs. Stephens is recent, the late war, and she pictures with vivid distinctness the domestic suffering and sacrifices entailed by and made for the grand and heroic struggle for national unity. The plot is one of absorbing interest, the characters are graphic transcripts from real life, strongly individualized, and the contrasts formed by their individual peculiarities, mental and physical, lend a rare charm to this the most finished work of Mrs. Stephens's books."

"The Soldier's Orphans" is published complete in one large duodecimo volume. Price $1 50 in paper, or $2 in cloth.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS'S OTHER WORKS.

The Gold Brick - $1 50	Mary Derwent - $1 50
Silent Struggles - 1 50	Fashion & Famine 1 50
The Wife's Secret - 1 50	The Old Homestead 1 50
The Rejected Wife 1 50	The Heiress - - 1 50

Above are in paper cover, or in cloth for $2 each.

The above books are for sale by all booksellers. Copies of "The Soldier's Orphans," or of any other or all the above popular books by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, will be sent to any one, free of postage, on receipt of price.

Address all orders to the Publishers,
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
And they will receive immediate attention.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

"A Complete Pictorial History of the Times."

"The best, cheapest, and most successful Family Paper in the Union."

SPENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED.
Critical Notices of the Press.

The best Family Paper published in the United States.—*New London Advertiser.*

The Model Newspaper of our country—complete in all the departments of an American Family Paper—Harper's Weekly has earned for itself a right to its title "A Journal of Civilization."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

This paper furnishes the best illustrations. Our future historians will enrich themselves out of Harper's Weekly long after writers and painters and publishers are turned to dust.—*New York Evangelist.*

A necessity in every Household.—*Boston Transcript.*

It is at once a leading political and historical annalist of the nation.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SUBSCRIPTIONS—1867.

The Publishers have perfected a system of mailing by which they can supply the Magazine and Weekly promptly to those who prefer to receive their periodicals directly from the office of publication. Postmasters and others desirous of getting up clubs will be supplied with a show-bill on application.

The postage on Harper's Weekly is 20 cents a year, which must be paid at the subscriber's post-office.

TERMS.

One copy one year.....$4 00
The best of its class in America.—*Boston Traveller.*

An extra copy of either the Weekly or Magazine will be supplied gratis for every club of five subscribers at $4 each, in one remittance; or six copies for $20.

Back numbers can be supplied at any time.

The Annual Volumes of Harper's Weekly, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, free of expense, for $7 each. A complete set, comprising nine volumes, sent on receipt of cash at the rate of $3 25 per volume, freight at expense of purchaser. Volume X. ready January 1, 1867.

☞ Subscriptions sent from British North American Provinces must be accompanied with 20 cents additional, to prepay United States postage. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers,
Franklin Square, New York.

NEW CLOTHING AND GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully announces to his many friends that he has opened a new Clothing and Gentlemen's Furnishing Store, in the lower room of the Hartman Building, southwest corner of Main and Market Streets, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Having just returned from Philadelphia with a Large Stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

and

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c.

he flatters himself that he can please all. His stock comprises

MEN'S, BOYS', AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING,

such as

DRESS COATS, SACK COATS, OVERCOATS,
PANTS, VESTS, SHIRTS,
UNDERSHIRTS, DRAWERS, COLLARS,
NECK-TIES, HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS,
HANDKERCHIEFS, UMBRELLAS, &c.

and in fact everything in the Clothing or Furnishing line at very low prices.

In addition to the above he has an elegant assortment of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTIN

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER AT THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

Call and see before purchasing elsewhere, and

SECURE GREAT BARGAINS,

oct6-ly J. W. CHEMBERLAIN

OUR STARCH GLOSS

is the only article used by

FIRST-CLASS HOTELS, LAUNDRIES, AND THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES,

It gives a beautiful polish, making the iron pass smoothly over the cloth, saving MUCH TIME and labor. Goods done up with it keep clean much longer, consequently will not wear out so soon.

IT MAKES OLD LINEN LOOK LIKE NEW.

OUR IMPERIAL BLUE

IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

It is soluble in hard as well as soft water. It is put up in the safest, neatest, and most convenient form of any offered to the public.

IT IS WARRANTED NOT TO STREAK THE CLOTHES.

Agents wanted everywhere, to whom we offer extraordinary inducements. Address

NEW YORK STARCH GLOSS CO.,
sep22-6m—nae 218 Fulton Street, New York.

OMNIBUS LINE.

The undersigned would respectfully announce to the citizens of Bloomsburg and the public generally that he is running an

OMNIBUS LINE

between this place and the different railroad depots daily (Sunday's excepted), to connect with the several trains going South and West on the Catawissa and Williamsport Railroad, and with those going North and South on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad.

His Omnibusses are in good condition, commodious and comfortable, and charges reasonable.

Persons wishing to meet or see their friends depart, can be accomodated upon reasonable charge by leaving timely notice at any of the hotels.

JACOB L GIRTON, Proprietor.

Grand Jurors for December Term, 1866.

Bloom—John Pennebaker, Robert Boan, William Beddleman.
Beaver—Peter Shellhamer, George P. Driesbach.
Benton—Abraham A. Kline.
Conyngham—Isaac W. Haus.
Centre—Charles H. Detterich.
Fishing Creek—William Hagenbuch, Joseph Coleman.
Greenwood—Andrew J. Albertson.
Hemlock—John M. Barton, Hugh A. Hartman, William Appleman, Levi Wright.
Jackson—John F. Derr.
Locust—Leonard Adams, George Raup, John Herner.
Madison, Stephen Welliver.
Main—Aaron Barninger, Joseph Geiger.
Sugarloaf—James Hess.

Traverse Jurors.

Bloom—Thomas Knorr, Abraham Fry, Lewis Maus, Isaac Hartman, William Rabb.
Beaver—Samuel Fisher, Jacob Keller.
Benton—Emanuel Lauberch.
Borough of Berwick—Isaiah Bower, Levi Breidbender, John Doak.
Briar Creek—David Miller, John Frear.
Centre—Isaac Erdwine, Allen Shellhamer.
Fishing Creek—Martin Ammerman.
Franklin—Daniel Knittle.
Greenwood—David Drehobla.
Locust—Cornelius Reinbold.
Madison—Keifer A. Smith, John Demott, Conrad Kreamer.
Montour—William Hollingshead, John G. Qutek, Levi Weaver.
Mt. Pleasant—Adam Welliver, Benjamin Kistler, Samuel Johnson.
Main—William Gittling.
Mifflin—Stephen Geerhart.
Orange—Michael Ragenbuch, Isaac Dildine.
Pine—John Love.
Roaring Creek—Daniel Levan.
Scott—Thomas Trench, Elias D. Kline.

List of Causes for Trial.

1. Charles Nuss vs. Sarah Nuss.
2. Paxton Kline vs. Jane Kline.
3. William L. Lance vs. Thomas Creveling, *et. al.*
4. Amos W. Creamer vs. Christian Shuman.
5. Jacob Harris vs. Peter Jacoby.
6. Andrew J. Snyder vs. John Sheafer.
7. Jacob Shuman vs. Christian Wolf.
8. Jacob Shuman vs. Jacob Hartzel.
9. A. S. Saul vs. Benjamin Winterstein.
10. Samuel Henry vs. Jacob Hosler, William Kinsloh, and Gideon Hosler, late trading in the firm name of Hosler & Co.
11. Amos W. Creamer vs. Catharine Howell, administratrix of Enoch Howell deceased.
12. Amos W. Creamer vs. Catharine Howell, administratrix of Enoch Howell deceased.
13. Edward Heidner vs. the Locust Mountain Coal and Iron Company.
14. J. P. Hackenburg for the use of M. Chamberlin vs. Silas D. Edgar.
15. John Hunterliter vs. John Jameson.
16. Jacob Remley vs. Catawissa Railroad Company.
17. William A. Cave vs. the Township of Centre.
18. Joseph Fry vs. Catharine Long.
19. Henry F. Ness vs. the Borough of Berwick.
20. J. F. Auspach, *et. al.*, vs. William P. Ryon.
21. Eli Jones vs. Miles C. Abbott, *et. al.*
22. Greenwood Township vs. Samuel Rogert.
23. Henry Hessler and Wife vs. Charles Schnusler and Wife.
24. Wright Hughes vs. Peter Miller.
25. David Larish vs. Mount Pleasant Township.
26. John G. Dildine, *et. al.*, *vs.* Parvin Masters.
27. Jonathan Knittle vs. Wright Hughes.
28. Henry F. Ness vs. Green vs. Roberts, Howell, *et. al.*
29. James Barry vs. Robert Gorrell.
30. John Laverns vs. Barney M'Brearty.
31. Solomon Neyhard vs. the Township of Centre.
32. Isaac M. Detrott vs. Isaac Dewitt.
33. Solomon Shuman vs. William Longenberger.
34. John W. Leacher vs. Peter S. Risler.
35. Henry T. Kelly now for the use of Thomas Creveling, Jr., vs. Jesse C. Pennington.
36. E. B. Pursel's use *vs.* D. G. Ent's admr's.
37. Barbara Stump, by her next friend, Francis W. Lewis vs. John Jacob Stump.

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JOUVIN'S KID GLOVE CLEANER.—Established 12 years. The only good article for instantly cleaning Kid Gloves. They can be cleaned while upon the hand, and worn immediately. It is tasteless. One bottle will clean 25 pairs. Price 25 cents. Retailed by most Druggists and Fancy Stores. Wholesale by Demas Barnes & Co., F. C. Wells & Co., and others, New York. nov24-6m

PHOTOGRAPHIC.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
Manufacturers of Photographic Materials,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
501 BROADWAY, N. Y.

In addition to our main business of PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS we are Headquarters for the following, viz.:

STEREOSCOPES & STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS, Of American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary, etc.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR,
From negatives made in the various campaigns, and forming a complete Photographic history of the great contest.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS ON GLASS,
Adapted for either the Magic Lantern or the Stereoscope. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of stamp.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS.
We manufacture more largely than any other house, about 300 varieties from 5cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others.

Card Photographs of Generals, Statesmen, Actors, etc., etc.

Our Catalogue embraces over FIVE THOUSAND different subjects, including reproductions of the most celebrated Engravings, Paintings, Statues, etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of stamp.

Photographers and others ordering goods C.O.D., will please remit 25 per cent. of the amount with their order.

☞ The prices and quality of our goods cannot fail to satisfy. nov17-1y

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

In pursuance of an order of the Orphans' Court of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, the 24th day of November next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, John Ashleman, Administrator of William W. Roberts, late of Jackson Township, in said county, deceased, will expose to sale, by public vendue, on the premises, a certain piece, parcel, or tract of land, within Jackson Township, in the county aforesaid, containing thirty-seven acres more or less, adjoining lands of Samuel Roberts on the south and west, lands of Silas M'Henry on the north, lands of Franklin Nagle on the east, on which are erected a two-story frame dwelling-house, a small log barn, and other outbuildings. A good spring of water at the door of the dwelling. The above property is mostly cleared land. Late the estate of said deceased, situate in the Township of Jackson and county aforesaid.

ELIZABETH COLEMAN, Clerk.
BLOOMSBURG, October 13, 1866.

CONDITIONS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of one fourth of the purchase money shall be paid at the striking down of the property; the one fourth less the ten per cent. at the confirmation absolutely and the remaining three fourths in one year thereafter, with interest from the confirmation *nisi*. Purchaser to pay for deed and stamps.

oct24-6t JOHN ASHLEMAN, Adm'r.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of *venditioni exponas*, to me directed, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas in the County of Columbia, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House, in Bloomsburg, on Monday, 3d day of December next, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, the following real estate, to wit: All that certain piece or tract of land, situate in Sugarloaf Township, Columbia County, containing seventy-six acres more or less, bounded on the south by lands of Joshua Hess; on the west by land of David Koeber; on the north by lands of Jeremiah Hess; and on the east by lands of James Robbins, whereon is erected an old log barn with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of JANE SICKLE, Administratrix of James Sickle.

ALSO

A certain tract of land situate in Catawissa Township, Columbia County, containing twenty-four acres, more or less, bounded on the east by lands of Jacob Dermaker, on the south by lands of Solomon Pagsley, and on the north and west by lands of Gideon Arndt, whereon are erected a log house and a frame stable with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of BENJAMIN J. FOLK.

ALSO

A lot of ground and water privilege, situate in Greenwood Township, Columbia County, containing eighty-eight rods, more or less, bounded on the north by lands of —— Moore, and on the west, south, and east by lands of Samuel Albertson, all cleared land, with the appurtenances.

Seized, taken in execution, and to be sold as the property of WILSON AGER, with notice to *terre tenants.*

SAMUEL SNYDER, Sheriff.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S RESTAURANT.

B. H. STOHNER

has fitted up a

FIRST-CLASS EATING SALOON,

where ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with the delicacies of the season. A supply of

FRESH OYSTERS

always on hand.

FRESH BREAD, CAKES, AND PIES,

FRENCH AND DOMESTIC CONFECTIONS

in every style and variety,

NUTS, FRUITS,

and everything usually found in a

FIRST-CLASS CONFECTIONERY STORE.

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.—The Fall term began September 5. The Faculty of Instruction consists of four resident and four non-resident professors, and a tutor. The object is to educate young men for the Christian Ministry. There is a preparatory class for those who have not received a collegiate education. One hundred and sixty dollars a year are granted to beneficiaries, with an additional sum in special cases. The tuition, use of Library and text-books, are free to all. The School was founded by the Unitarian and Christian denominations, but is open to all who believe in the divine origin of Christianity. The Library consists of 8,500 volumes.

Application may be made to Rev. A. A. Livermore, President of the Board of Instruction, Meadville, Pa. nov17-3y

NEW STOCK OF CLOTHING.

Fresh arrival of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

DAVID LOWENBERG

invites attention to his stock of

CHEAP AND FASHIONABLE CLOTHING,

at his store on

Main Street, two doors above the American House,

Bloomsburg, Pa.,

where he has just received from New York and Philadelphia a full assortment of

MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,

including the most fashionable, durable, and handsome

DRESS GOODS,

consisting of

BOX, SACK, FROCK, GUM, AND OIL-CLOTH

COATS AND PANTS,

of all sorts, sizes, and colors. He has also replenished his already large stock of

FALL AND WINTER SHAWLS,

STRIPED, FIGURED, AND PLAIN VESTS,

SHIRTS, CRAVATS, STOCKS, COLLARS,

HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES,

SUSPENDERS, AND FANCY ARTICLES,

He has constantly on hand a large and well-selected assortment of

CLOTHS AND VESTINGS,

which he is prepared to make to order into any kind of clothing, on very short notice, and in the best manner. All his clothing is made to wear, and most of it is of home manufacture.

GOLD WATCHES AND JEWELRY,

of every description, fine and cheap. His case of Jewelry is not surpassed in this place. Call and examine his general assortment of

CLOTHING, WATCHES, JEWELRY, &c.

DAVID LOWENBURG.

MILLER'S STORE.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

The subscriber has just returned from the cities with another large and select assortment of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

purchased in New York and Philadelphia at the lowest figure, and which he is determined to sell on as moderate terms as can be procured elsewhere in Bloomsburg. His stock comprises

LADIES' DRESS GOODS

of the choicest styles and latest fashions, together with a large assortment of Dry Goods and Groceries, consisting of the following articles:

Carpets,
Oil Cloths,
Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Shawls,
Flannels,
Silks,
White Goods,
Linens,
Hoop Skirts,
Muslins,
Hollowware
Cedarware
Queensware, Hardware,
Boots and shoes,
Hats and Caps,
Hoop Nets,
Umbrellas,
Looking-Glasses,
Tobacco,
Coffee,
Sugars,
Teas,
Rice,
Allspice,
Ginger,
Cinnamon,
Nutmegs,

AND NOTIONS GENERALLY.

In short, everything usually kept in country stores, to which he invites the attention of the public generally. The highest price will be paid for country produce in exchange for goods.

S. H. MILLER,
Arcade Buildings, Bloomsburg, Pa.

HENRY GIGER

has opened a first-class

BOOT, SHOE, HAT AND CAP STORE,

at his old stand on Main Street, Bloomsburg. His stock is composed of the very latest and best styles ever offered to the citizens of Columbia County. He can safely invite the public with the following kinds and prices:

Men's calf boots, fine	$5 00 to 9 00
" kip, double sole	3 75 to 5 75
Boys' child's boots	1 75 to 4 75
Men's glove kid, Congress, &c.	2 50 to 5 75
" " Balmoral shoes	1 00 to 5 00
Men's, women's, boys', and misses' glove and bathing gaiters	1 75 to 3 75
Women's glove kids, very fine	2 25 to 3 75
" morocco balmorals	2 50 to 4 00
" kip and goat and calf shoes	1 75 to 2 50
" common shoes	1 50 to 2 50
Misses' and child's shoes	0 25 to 1 00
Men's, women's, misses', boys', and child's slippers	0 25 to 1 00

He also keeps a great variety of

HATS, CAPS, AND STRAW GOODS

of every kind, at the lowest prices, both for cash and country produce.

Remember the attention is in our goods. Don't be alarmed at the cry of high prices, but call and see for yourselves. Respectfully,

HENRY GIGER.

BLOOMSBURG FANCY TRIMMING AND BOOKSTORE,

second door below Hartman's, Main Street.

Just received a new stock of

ZEPHYRS, WOOLEN AND COTTON YARNS,
COLLARS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES,
MUSLIN EDGINGS, DRESS TRIMMINGS

and every variety of articles usually kept in a

FANCY STORE.

Also

SCHOOL BOOKS, HYMN BOOKS, BIBLES,
SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS,

and a large lot of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
ACCOUNT AND MEMORANDUM BOOKS,
BLANK DEEDS, BONDS AND MORTGAGES,

and a general and well-selected assortment of

PAPER, ENVELOPES, &c.

A. D. WEBB.

NATIONAL FOUNDRY,

Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa.

The subscriber, proprietor of the above-named extensive establishment, is now prepared receive orders for all kinds of

MACHINERY FOR COLLIERIES, BLAST FURNACES, STATIONARY ENGINES, MILLS, THRESHING MACHINES, &c

He is also prepared to make Stoves of all sizes and patterns, Plow-irons, and everything usually made in first-class Foundries.

His extensive facilities and practical workmen warrant him in receiving the largest contracts on the most reasonable terms.

Grain of all kinds will be taken in exchange for castings.

This establishment is located near the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad Depot.

PETER BILLMYER.

EMPIRE SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINES are superior to all others for FAMILY AND MANUFACTURING PURPOSES

Embracing all the latest improvements are speedy to learn, durable, and easy to work.

Circulars with prices free. Agents wanted. Liberal discount allowed. No consignment goods. Address EMPIRE S. M. CO., aug4-1y 625 Broadway, New York.

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FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

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GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,
GRAIN AND SEEDS,

&c., &c., &c.,

&c.

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Northwest corner of Main and Market Streets,
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IRON AND NAILS,
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IRON AND NAILS,

in large quantities and at reduced rates, always on hand.

DRUG AND CHEMICAL STORE,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, PERFUMERY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

EYER & MOYER

respectfully invite a continuance of patronage. Their Drugs and Medicines are all selected with the greatest care, avoiding as much as possible the introduction of deliterious nostrums, and are purchased from the best importing houses in the country.

PATENT MEDICINES

of all kinds, including Ayer's, Jayne's, Holloway's, Hostetter's, Wishart's, Hoofland's, &c. constantly on hand.

COAL OIL AND ALCOHOL.

HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND

CLOTHES BRUSHES

PAINTS AND CHEMICALS

of every variety, and of the best quality.

FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.

The public may rely at all times on procuring the above articles, with all the new useful preparations kept in the best conducted establishments.

PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTIONS

and Family Receipts compounded with the greatest accuracy and dispatch.

THE ONLY PLACE

to get the best

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

is at HUNGSBERGER'S,

a few doors below the American House, Bloomsburg, Pa.

He has the largest and most select of

SMOKING AND CHEWING TOBACCO

ever offered to the citizens of Bloomsburg. All the finest brands of

SEGARS,

and the best Fine-cut and Plug

CHEWING TOBACCO,

can be had at his counters.

TOBACCO PIPES

in great variety are among his large stock.

DON'T FORGET TO CALL.

H. H. HUNSBERGER.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

A. M. RUPERT

announces to his friends and customers that continues the above business at his old place on MAIN STREET, BLOOMSBURG. Customers can be accommodated with

FANCY STOVES

of all kinds, Stovepipes, Tinware, and every variety of article found in a Stove and Tinware Establishment in the cities, and on the most reasonable terms. Repairing done at the shortest notice.

25 DOZEN MILK-PANS

on hand for sale.

EAGLE FOUNDRY.

JOSEPH SHARPLESS,

Bloomsburg, Pa.

STOVES OF EVERY VARIETY,

PLOUGHSHARES, PLOUGHPOINTS,

and all kinds of Castings, on hand or supplied on the shortest notice and at the cheapest rates. Castings for

COAL BREAKERS AND COAL SHUTES

made to order.

FRESH ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.—The undersigned has just arrived from the City with a large assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, and Dye Stuffs, Ready-Made Clothing, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Druggist's Glassware, Brushes, Trusses and Supporters, and a general assortment of everything that belongs to a well-appointed Drug Store. Also Patent Medicines of all kinds, such as Jayne's, Ayer's, Wishart's, Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Brown's Troches, Swain's Panacea, Baker's Cod Liver Oil, Hoofland's Bitters constantly on hand. Also

MOROCCO LEATHER, KID, FRENCH MOROCCO, FRENCH CALFSKINS, PINK TRIMMINGS, BINDINGS,

by the dozen or end-dozen. Also

SHOE-FINDINGS, FISHING-TACKLE, &c.

Having had a large experience in the drug business, I would respectfully invite those wishing anything in that line to call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. "In medicines quality is of the first importance."

JOHN F. MOYER.

FORK'S HOTEL,

GEORGE W. MAUGER, Proprietor.

The above well-known hotel has recently undergone radical changes in its internal arrangements, and its proprietor announces to his former custom and the traveling public that his accomodations for the comfort of his guests are second to none in the country. The table will always be found supplied, not only with substantial food, but with all the delicacies of the season. His wines and liquors (except that popular beverage known as "*Mc Henry*") purchased direct from the importing houses, are entirely pure, and free from all poisonous drugs. He is thankful for a liberal patronage in the past, and will continue to deserve it in the future. GEORGE W. MAUGER.

GOOD NEWS FOR EVERYBODY.

Owing to the late fall in gold,

EPHRAIM W. ELWELL

has reduced his prices to suit all buyers, either at wholesale or retail. If you want

SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, SYRUPS, SPICES, CRACKERS, CANNED FRUIT, DRIED FRUIT, WOODENWARE, FISH, BEANS, CHEESE, FLOUR, FEED, &c., &c. &c.,

give me a call. EPHRAIM W. ELWELL

J. B. PURSEL,

HARNESS, SADDLE, AND TRUNK MANUFACTURER,

and dealer in

CARPET-BAGS, VALISES, FLY-NETS &c.,

Main Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

POWDER KEGS AND LUMBER.

W. M. MONROE & CO.,

Rupert, Pa.,

Manufacturers of

POWDER KEGS,

and dealers in all kinds of

LUMBER,

give notice that they are prepared to accommodate their customers with dispatch, and on the cheapest terms.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURG, COLUMBIA

The undersigned having purchased this well-known and centrally-located house, the Exchange Hotel, situate on MAIN STREET, in Bloomsburg, immediately opposite the Columbia County Court House, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general that his house is now in order for the reception and entertainment of travellers who may be disposed to favor it with their custom. He has spared no expense in preparing the Exchange for the entertainment of his guests, neither shall there be anything wanting on his part to minister to their personal comfort. His house is spacious, and enjoys an excellent business location.

Omnibuses run at all times between the Exchange Hotel and the various railroad depots, by which travellers will be promptly conveyed to and from the respective stations in due time to meet the cars. JOHN F. CASLOW.

Bloomsburg, March 23, 1866.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE

ENLARGED.

THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST.

ENLARGED SIZE OF THE DAILY, SEMI-WEEKLY, AND WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Notwithstanding the fact that the size of THE TRI

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

BY D. F. MCARTHY.

SUMMER is a glorious season,
Warm and bright and pleasant;
But the past is not a reason
To despise the present:
So, while health can climb the mountain,
And the log lights up the hall,
There are sunny days in Winter, after all!

Spring, no doubt, hath faded from us,
Maiden-like in charms;
Summer, too, with all her promise,
Perished in our arms;
But the memory of the vanquished
Whom our hearts recall,
Maketh sunny days in Winter, after all!

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh—
All the best are dead;
But the wall-flower still perfumeth
Yonder garden bed;
And the arbutus, pearl-blossomed,
Hangs its coral ball:
There are sunny days in Winter, after all!

Summer trees are pretty—very,
And I love them very well;
But the holly's glistening berry
None of these excel.
While the fir can warm the landscape,
And the ivy clothes the wall,
There are sunny days in Winter, after all!

Sunny hours in every season
Wait the innocent—
Those who taste with love and reason
What their God hath sent;
Those who neither sour too highly,
Nor too lowly fall,
Feel the sunny days of Winter, after all!

Then, although our darling treasure
Vanish from the heart;
Then, although our once-loved pleasures
One by one depart;
Though the tomb looms in the distance,
And the mourning pall,
There is sunshine, and no Winter, after all!

AGRICULTURAL.

Bread-making—How to Make Yeast.

IT is amusing to read the receipts of your contributors for making yeast. Hops, potatoes, molasses, salt, soda, corn-meal, alum, sour milk, and what else I cannot remember, all for so simple a matter as yeast-making! Throw away all these messes, my dear ladies; they only help to spoil bread that would otherwise be good. Pray don't use any of them any more. For making yeast, sift a pint or more of good flour into a gallon stone crock. Stir into it about a quart of boiling hot water (be sure it is boiling); stir well, paying no attention to the half-cooked lumps of flour, and when cool enough, add a teacupful or more of good yeast. Put away in a place, cool or warm according to weather, and in twelve hours you have half a gallon of as good yeast as can be made. Of course everything else put into it that has no business there only aids in spoiling it. This yeast, strange to say, will keep better in our western country than on the seaboard, as my better-half found out years ago. In both places she was in the habit, in warm weather, of stirring in corn meal enough to thicken it, rolling out thin, and making into yeast cakes, which will keep good for six months. The receipt of Mrs. Garnet (Madeline), for making bread, is as good as can be. The great art in making it good is the proper attention to the half-dozen different operations of making the yeast properly, of setting the sponge, kneading it sufficiently, raising as it should be, getting the proper heat in the oven, and baking it right when you get it; not forgetting, in cook stoves, to turn the loaf round every few minutes, that it may bake evenly. Bakers are interested in making their bread as heavy as possible with some cheaper ingredient than good flour. Hence the above strange list of compounds, added to it by unreflecting housewives, in imitation of these professionals. Good flour and salt, and clean, pure water, with fresh yeast made only of good flour as above directed, is all that is needed, after knowing how, to make the best and healthiest of bread; and none other should be eaten, if possible. In hot weather bread sponge wants to be set away in a cool place to keep from souring; in Winter, on the contrary, it must be put in a warm place all night, or it will not rise at all. Inattention to these little details, or, what is as bad, ignorance of them, not unfrequently spoils bread that otherwise would be good.—*Country Gentleman.*

Cause of Grape Rot.

F. R. ELLIOTT, of Cleveland, in the *Ohio Farmer*, ascribes the severe loss of the grape crop by rot this year in a great measure to the overbearing of the vines, and to severe Summer pruning. There is no doubt that overbearing is a common fault, and that vines are thus weakened. One of the best grape managers in the country says that he regards all statements of great crops as only confessions of bad management, and he will not allow his vineyard to produce more than three tons per acre at the utmost—he prefers two tons. The grapes are better and bring higher prices, and the crops are more certain and uniform. Removing large quantities of foliage from any tree or plant, while in a growing state, tends to check and injure it. The grape, it is true, more quickly recovers from such check than fruit trees generally; but it certainly must be more or less injurious. A good manager, with a careful eye to the requirements of the season, rubs off all needless shoots, just as they are starting, or by the time they have reached two or three inches in length, and instead of lopping or cutting back severely, merely pinches off the tips of the shoots when they have reached the right length. We have seen a fine vineyard spoiled for the season, the grapes being small and badly mildewed, by cutting away, late in Summer, the upper half of the shoots above the bunches.

Under-draining.

THE editor of the Cincinnati *Times* has what he calls a little farm of twenty-one acres, ten of which are arable. The operations upon this, for the past season, have been most unprofitable, on account of the lack of proper drainage. The owner sums up his losses by saying: "In the first place, we had two and a half acres in strawberries, which the Winter so badly killed that we harvested one hundred and fifty instead of one thousand dollars worth. That loss would have paid for underdraining the much best land, and the whole with tile, at intervals of two rods. Then we had a patch of potatoes, two thirds of which rotted in consequence of the wet weather. Here we lost enough to have paid for under-drainage twice over." Let others profit by his experience.

Feeding Swine.

AN "old subscriber" to the *New England Farmer* protests against the practice of feeding swine with the refuse of the slaughter-house and butcher shops, in the shape of decaying and putrid meat and the like. He asserts that no matter whether these be mixed and cooked with other materials, they impart an unsavory odor to the pork, besides rendering it unhealthy as an article of diet. It is a prevalent idea that anything is good enough for the hog if it will only make him grow; but experience and observation have induced a conviction that it is a mistaken one.

WIT AND WISDOM.

WHY are fowls the most economical stock for farmers? Because for every grain of corn they give a peck.

SEARCH thine own heart! Within thee there is a fountain of good, which will always flow, provided thou diggest for it.

WHEN there is a "smacking breeze," send out the pretty girls to take the weather; when there is a "spanking breeze," send out the bad children.

IN a history of plants, the author notices the virtue of hemp thus laconically: "By this cordage ships are guided, bells are rung, and *rogues are kept in awe.*"

As the weather, within doors, is always the first subject of remark, so in the open air, beautiful nature is the luck-penny and savings-bank of conversation.

A LADY, seeing a drunken man in the gutter, said she was afraid he was dead. Pat, who had been near enough to smell his breath, exclaimed: "Faith, and I wish I had half his disease."

DURING a great storm on the Pacific Ocean a vessel was once wrecked, and a Quaker, tossing to and fro on a plank, exclaimed, over the crest of a wave, to another who was drifting by on a barrel, "Friend, dost thou call this Pacific?"

A COUNTRY fellow came to the city to see his intended wife, and for a long time could think of nothing to say. At last, a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would all be undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I'll keep one of them."

A FOP, strutting about a tavern, took up a pair of green spectacles which lay on the table, put them on his nose, and turning to the looking-glass, said: "Landlord, how do they become me? Don't you think they improve my looks?" "I think they do," replied the landlord; "they man a part of your face."

A SCHOOLMASTER, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself? Jonathan replied that he had two good, substantial reasons. In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

AN old gentleman who was living with his sixth wife, and who had always been noted for the ease with which he managed his spouses, on being asked to communicate his secret, replied, "It is the easiest thing in the world. If you want to use a woman up, just let her have her own way in everything all the time. There never was a woman born who could survive *that* a great while."

"WILLY," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with; the body carries you about. This is your body," touching the little fellow's shoulders; "but there is something deeper in. You can feel it now. What is it?" "Oh, I know," Willy said, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt!"

A NEWSPAPER editor inadvertently wrote about a woman who had not been buried with proper observance, the following sentence: "She was buried like a dog with her clothes on." Next week he saw his mistake, and corrected it thus: "She was buried with her clothes on like a dog." The third week, exasperated with the previous blunders, he had it thus: "Like a dog with her clothes on she was buried." He gave it up.

MR. RANDOLPH, the celebrated American orator and statesman, was lying on a sofa in the parlor of a tavern, waiting for the stage-coach to come to the door. A dandified chap stepped into the room, with a whip in his hand, just come in from a drive, and standing before the mirror, arranging his hair and collar, quite unconscious of the presence of the gentleman on the sofa. After attitudinizing awhile, he turned to go out, when Mr. Randolph asked him, "Has the stage come?" "Stage, sir!" said the fop; "I've nothing to do with it, sir?" "Oh! I beg your pardon," said Randolph, quietly, "I thought you were the driver."

How useless it is to rely for happiness on "the world!" If you would pass through life in the easiest possible manner, shrink from nothing in itself virtuous and rational. Venerate only that which is inherently and changelessly right. Release your mind from the trammels of conventionalism, and suffer no other restraint upon your acts than that imposed by your conscience and the Bible; so will you insure a sweet immunity from countless petty cares and annoyances, and acquire an ever-increasing strength of character, and build on a firm and durable basis that inward respect for yourself which is incalculably more to be valued than the chargeful approval of artificial peo-

THE eight-hour system for creating great dissatisfaction in Indianapolis. Employes are paid by the hour, and they cannot earn enough to support their families.

IT is reported in St. Louis among Fenians that an emmisary sent from Chicago to Toronto to ascertain the chances of rescuing Lynch and M'Mahon from jail, has returned and reported that the prisoners are surrounded by two thousand British regulars, and no chance of rescue exists. The story runs that a plot for that purpose has been formed, but is now abandoned, and the excitement there is subsiding.

A HUNGRY Irishman, not long since in London, mistaking a barber's shop for an eating-house, bolted in and begged to be served. The barber, supposing, from the length of his beard, that he wished to be shaved, knocked up a basin of suds, and placing it before him, with a wash-ball in it, went backward to get the razor. Pat, without waiting for grace, supped up the suds, and swallowed the wash ball, and, on the barber's returning with the razor, coolly observed: "There is no occasion for a knife, honey; your soup is very good, but your turnip was not quite boiled enough." So, paying his money, he bade the astonished barber adieu.

C. D. ROBBINS & CO.,
IRON MERCHANTS,
Northeast corner of Second and Vine Streets,
Philadelphia.

GIRARD HOUSE,
Corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets,
Philadelphia.
H. W. KANAGA,
Proprietor.

ST. CHARLES HOTEL,
ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN,
Nos. 60, 62, 64, and 66 North Third Streets,
between Market and Arch Streets,
Philadelphia.
CHARLES RLECKNER,
Manager.

JOSEPH S. DELL,
Manufacturer of and Wholesale Dealer in
CLOTHING, CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS,
No. 43 North Third Street,
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WATSON & JANNEY,
Importers and Jobbers of
SILK AND FANCY DRESS GOODS,
SHAWLS, &c.,
No. 26 Market Street,
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I. H. WALTER,
Late Walter & Nash,
Importer and Dealer in
CHINA, GLASS, AND QUEENSWARE,
No. 231 North Third Street,
between Race and Vine
Philadelphia.

ESTABLISHED 1820.
JOHN REAKIRT & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
and Dealers in
CHEMICALS, MEDICINES, PATENT MEDICINES, SPICES, PAINTS, OILS,
WINDOW GLASS,
VARNISHES, DYES, &c., &c.,
Southeast corner of Third and Callowhill Sts.,
Philadelphia.

ARMBRUSTER & BROTHER,
Importers and Jobbers of
HOSIERY, GLOVES,
SHIRTS AND DRAWERS,
BUTTONS, SUSPENDERS,
HOOP SKIRTS, HANDKERCHIEFS,
THREADS, SEWING SILKS,
TRIMMINGS, PORTE MONNAIES,
SOAPS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, AND
NOTIONS GENERALLY,
Also Manufacturers of
BRUSHES AND LOOKING GLASSES,
and Dealers in
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,
BROOMS, ROPES, TWINES, &c.,
No. 330 North Third Street, above Vine,
Philadelphia.

ROYAL & ROYER,
Successors to
GILBERT, ROYAL & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
Importers and Dealers in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, SPICES, PAINTS, OILS,
GLASS, DYE STUFFS, &c.,
Nos. 309 and 311 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

CHARLES H. MARPLE,
Importer and Dealer in
BRANDIES, WINES, GINS, LIQUORS,
WINE BITTERS, &c.,
No. 122 North Third Street,
above Arch, west side,
Philadelphia.

HAGEN, BOYD & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
and Wholesale Dealers in
LEAF AND MANUFACTURED TOBACCO,
SEGARS, &c.,
No. 61 North Third Street,
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Consignees can forward their stock "In Bond," without prepaying the United States tax.

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NOTIONS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, AND
FANCY GOODS,
No. 31 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

BRODHEAD & KAUB,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 211 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

THE UNION HOTEL,
Arch Street, between Third and Fourth Streets,
Philadelphia.
CHRIST & WEBER,
Proprietors.

JOHN STROUP & CO.,
Successors to Stroup & Brother,
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No. 21 North Wharves, and 20 North Water St.,
Philadelphia.

MILLER & HOST,
Successors to Franklin P. Sellner & Co.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers in
LIQUORS, WINES, &c.,
Nos. 110 and 112 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

E. J. LESTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CARPETS,
OIL CLOTHS, WINDOW SHADES, &c.,
No. 29 North Second Street, opp. Christ Church,
Philadelphia.

KENNEDY, STAIRS & CO.,
WHOLESALE FISH DEALERS,
Nos. 13 and 132 North Wharves,
Philadelphia.

JOS. RIEGEL & H. S. FISTER,
(Late Riegel, Wyatt & Ervin,)
Importers and Jobbers of
DRY GOODS,
No. 27 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.
ALFRED BVERLY, WM. E. ALBRIGHT, S. C. SCOTT.

RUSSELL & WOODRUFF,
Wholesale Dealers in
TOBACCOS, CIGARS, PIPES, &c., &c.,
No. 11 North Third Street, above Market,
Philadelphia.

JOHN C. YEAGER & CO.,
Wholesale Dealers in
HATS, CAPS, STRAW GOODS, AND
LADIES' FURS,
No. 27 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

MILLER & ELDER,
Wholesale
BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,
AND BLANK-BOOK MANUFACTURERS,
No. 274 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.
Well and Certain Papers, and Stationery generally.

ESTABLISHED 1828.
C. W. CARPENTER, HENSZEY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,
No. 737 Market Street, one door below Eighth,
Philadelphia.
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, VARNISHES, DYES,
and every other article pertaining to the business, of the best quality, and at lowest market rates.

WEAVER & SPRANKLE,
WHOLESALE GROCERIES AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
No. 225 and 227 Arch Street,
Philadelphia.

W. L. HURKHART,
Importer and Dealer in
IRON AND STEEL,
No. 60 Front Street,
Philadelphia.

BARCROFT & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS, CLOTHS
CASSIMERES, BLANKETS, LINENS,
DRY GOODS, HOSIERY, &c.,
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ANDREWS, WILKINS & CO.,
Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
No. 306 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

SNYDER, HARRIS & BASSETT,
Manufacturers and Jobbers of
MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,
Nos. 123 Market, and 122 Commerce Street,
Philadelphia.

H. W. RANK'S
WHOLESALE TOBACCO, SNUFF, AND
CIGAR WAREHOUSE,
No. 146 North Third Street,
between Cherry and Race, west side,
Philadelphia.

COTTRELL & AYRES,
Wholesale Dealers in
FISH, CHEESE, &c., &c.,
No. 106 North Wharves,
second door above Arch Street,
Philadelphia.

HURRAH FOR CATAWISSA!
THIS WAY FOR BARGAINS.
Goods to compare with stringency of the money market. Look and compare prices before purchasing elsewhere. Just call at the favorite bargain stand of
McKINCH & SHUMAN,
and you will be met by the obliging proprietors or their clerks, and smooth through the great variety store free of charge, of course. They will give you a fair chance to spend your loose change, they trust much more profitably than it can be spent elsewhere. Their
STOCK OF DRY GOODS
this Spring is much larger in all its varieties than usual. Their
LADIES' DRESS GOODS
are of the nicest styles in market. They have a fine assortment of
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
SUMMER CLOTHS, CASSINETS,
CASSIMERES, AND VESTINGS,
and numerous articles common to such establishments, besides a general assortment of
HARDWARE, TINWARE, QUEENSWARE,
AND GROCERIES,
all at greatly reduced prices. They wish to conduct their business on the system of
"PAY AS YOU GO,"
and they think they can afford to sell very cheap. They return their thanks for many past favors, and ask the future patronage of their former customers and the public generally.
McKINCH & SHUMAN.

CATAWISSA RAILROAD.
On and after Monday, October 2, 1865, the trains will pass Bloomsburg as follows:
GOING NORTH.—Fluvia Mail at 1 P.M.; Erie Express at 7.25 A.M.
GOING SOUTH.—Philadelphia Mail at 11 A.M.; Express at 1 P.M.
GEORGE WEIR, Supt.

THE FLORENCE
SEWING-MACHINES
ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Salesrooms, 830 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
While a large number of Machines have been offered to the public, some of which possess points of excellence and acknowledged merit, we have long felt what others have experienced, the necessity of a Machine more perfect in its mechanical structure, combining in the
HIGHEST DEGREE
SIMPLICITY WITH DURABILITY,
and while capable of doing a
GREATER RANGE OF WORK,
one that could be easily understood and comprehended by all.
To supply a Sewing-Machine free from the objections attached to others has been no easy task; for we not only had to surpass other Machines, as they appeared years ago, but also as improved from time to time by more recent experience.
This we boldly claim has been accomplished by the liberal expenditure of capital, and the patient, untiring labor of years; and in presenting our Machine to the public, we shall make strong assertions respecting its merits, which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.
Discarding the Chain and Loop, or Knit stitches, we adopted the
LOCK STITCH
(alike on both sides of the fabric), which is remarked by the masses as best suited to all kinds of work. But to meet objections sometimes urged against this favorite stitch, we have added the Knot, Double Lock, and Double Knot, either of which is
STRONGER AND MORE ELASTIC
than the Lock; thus enabling the operator to select a stitch
PERFECTLY SUITED
to every grade of fabric, and where necessary, sew seams much stronger than it is possible to do by hand.
THE FLORENCE
makes
FOUR DIFFERENT STITCHES
with as much ease as ordinary Machines make one, and with as little machinery.
The result of repeated tests has been all we could desire, and from its first introduction the Florence has gained hosts of friends, and been regarded as a
HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY;
proving that the public fully appreciate the many advantages combined in the Florence Machine. Over all others, the Florence must be seen to be fully appreciated.
We claim for the
FLORENCE
the following
ADVANTAGES
over any and all
SEWING-MACHINES IN THE WORLD:
☞ It makes four different stitches, the lock, knot, double-lock, and double-knot, or one and the same machine. Each stitch being alike on both sides of the fabric.
☞ Every Machine has the reversible feed motion, which enables the operator, by simply turning a thumb-screw, to have the work run either to the right or left, to stay any part of the seam, or fasten the ends of seams, without turning the fabric.
☞ Changing the length of stitch, and from one kind of stitch to another, can readily be done while the Machine is in motion.
☞ The needle is easily adjusted, and does not skip stitches.
☞ It is almost noiseless, and can be used where quiet is necessary.
☞ Its motions are all positive; there are no springs to get out of order, and its simplicity enables any one to operate it.
☞ It does not require finer thread on the under than for the upper side, and will sew across the heaviest seam, or from one to more thicknesses of cloth, without change of needle, tension, breaking thread, or skipping stitches.
☞ The Hemmer is easily adjusted, and will turn any width of hem desired.
☞ No other Machine will do so or at a range of work as the Florence.
☞ It will hem, fell, bind, gather, braid, quilt, and gather and sew on a ruffle at the same time. It has no springs to get out of order, and will last a lifetime.
☞ It is fully protected and licensed by Elias Howe, Jr., and our own Letters Patent.
The taking up of the slack-thread is not performed by the irregular contraction of a wire coil or uncertain operation of springs. The precision and accuracy with which the Florence draws the thread into the cloth is unsurpassed by any Sewing-Machine hitherto offered in the world.
We furnish each Machine with "Brennan's Self-Sewer," which makes the work quick, and is of incalculable value, especially to inexperienced operators.
While possessing the above, and many other advantages, the Florence is sold at extremely low prices with other first-class Machines, and a careful examination will fully substantiate all that we have claimed for it, and justify the assertion we now make, that it is the best Sewing-Machine in the world.
We warrant every Machine to be all that we claim for it, and to give entire satisfaction, and will give a written warranty, if required.
Liberal arrangements made with those who buy to sell again. Further information may be had by inclosing stamps to the General Office of the Florence Sewing-Machine Company, 630 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
PRICES OF MACHINES.
No. 1. Plain.—This Machine makes the lock and knot stitches, and has the reversible feed.....$60
No. 2. Florence.—Gold-ornamented Machine, with drawer, and light cover, without leaf; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.....75
No. 3.—Silver-plated Machine, ornamented; table oil-finished walnut, with heavy half-case, lock and drawer; makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.....80
No. 4.—Silver-plated Machine, highly ornamented, and makes all the four stitches, and has the reversible feed.
Polished mahogany table.....90
Polished Rosewood Table.....92
No. 5.—Walnut table, in oil.....92
Mahogany table, in oil.....98
Rosewood table, in oil.....105
No. 6.—Walnut, oil finished.....114
Mahogany table.....125
Rosewood table.....130
G. G. EVANS, General Agent,
620 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

SCHELL, BERGER & CO.,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Dealers in
FISH, SALT, CHEESE, PROVISIONS, &c.,
Nos. 127 and 129 North Wharves, above Arch St.,
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Sole Agents for Wilcox's Wheel Grease, in barrels, kegs, and cans.

ESTABLISHED 1793.
JORDAN & BROTHER,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
and Dealers in
SALTPETRE AND BRIMSTONE,
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E. A. HENDRY,
Successor to Hendry & Harris,
Manufacturer and Wholesale Dealer in
BOOTS AND SHOES,
No. 55 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

H. V. PETERMAN,
with LIPPINCOTT & TROTTER,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
No. 21 North Water Street,
and No. 20 North Delaware Avenue,
Philadelphia.

GEORGE H. ROBERTS,
Importer and Dealer in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c.,
No. 311 North Third Street, above Vine,
Philadelphia.

BENJAMIN GREEN,
Dealer in
CARPETINGS, WINDOW SHADES,
OIL CLOTHS, MATS, &c.,
No. 33 North Second Street,
Philadelphia.

J. P. BEARD,
with LIPPINCOTT, BOND & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
HATS, CAPS, FURS, AND STRAW GOODS,
No. 411 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

ROWE, EUSTON & CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
COTTON YARNS, CARPET CHAINS,
BATTS, WICKS, TIE YARNS, CORDAGE,
BROOMS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,
LOOK'G GLASSES, CLOCKS, FANCY BASKETS,
TABLE, FLOOR, AND CARRIAGE
OIL CLOTHS, &c.,
No. 539 Market Street, south side,
Philadelphia.

GREAT PENNSYLVANIA ROUTE
TO THE
NORTH AND WEST.
FOUR DAILY TRAINS.
ON AND AFTER MARCH 12, 1866, trains will leave as follows:

	Leave Wash'n.	Leave Balto.
Express Mail	6.20 A.M.	10.00 A.M.
Fast Line	7.50 A.M.	12.00 P.M.
Pittsburg and Erie Ex	9.30 P.M.	7.25 P.M.
Pittsburg and Elmira Ex	7.10 P.M.	9.35 P.M.

TWO TRAINS ON SUNDAY,
(connecting at Baltimore.)
Leave Washington at 2.15 and 7.10 P.M.
SLEEPING CARS ON ALL NIGHT TRAINS.
LOW FARE AND QUICK TIME.
Cars run through from Baltimore to Pittsburg, Erie, or Elmira without change.
J. N. DUBARRY,
Superintendent N.C.R.R.

PHILADELPHIA AND ERIE RAILROAD.—The great line traversing the northern and northwestern counties of Pennsylvania to the city of Erie, of Lake Erie. It has been leased and is operated by the
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.
Time of Passenger Trains at Northumberland:
LEAVE EASTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 1.05 P.M.; Erie Express Train, 8.25 A.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 10.25 A.M.
LEAVE WESTWARD.—Erie Mail Train, 5 A.M.; Erie Express Train, 7.14 P.M.; Elmira Mail Train, 6.35 P.M.
Passenger cars run through on the Erie Mail and Express Trains without change both ways between Philadelphia and Erie.
NEW YORK CONNECTIONS.—Leave New York at 9 A.M., arrive at Erie at 9.15 A.M.; Leave Erie at 1.55 P.M., arrive at New York at 2.30 P.M.
Elegant sleeping cars on all night trains.
For information respecting passenger business apply at the office of Garrison and Market streets, Philadelphia; and for freight business of the company's agents,
S. B. Kingston, Jr., corner of Twelfth and Market streets, Philadelphia; J. W. Reynolds, Erie; William Brown, Agent N.C.R.R., Baltimore.
H. H. HOUSTON,
General Freight Agent, Philadelphia.
H. W. GWYNN,
General Ticket Agent, Philadelphia.
A. J. TYLER,
General Superintendent, Williamsport.
March 22, 1866.

LACKAWANNA AND BLOOMSBURG RAILROAD.
On and after March 19, 1866, Passenger Trains will run as follows:
SOUTHWARD.—Leave Scranton at 5.40 P.M. and 5.50 A.M.; Kingston at 6 P.M. and 6.35 A.M.; Bloomsburg at 8.25 P.M. and 9.20 A.M. Arrive at Northumberland at 9.50 P.M. and 10.35 A.M.
NORTHWARD.—Leave Northumberland at 7 A.M. and 5 P.M.; Bloomsburg at 8.25 A.M. and 6.35 P.M.; Scranton at 11.30 A.M. and 9 P.M. Arrive at Scranton at 12.40 A.M. and 10.15 P.M.
H. A. FONDA, Supt.
Kingston, March 15, 1866.

THE AMERICAN HAY KNIFE
AND FORK.—We the undersigned citizens of Columbia County witnessed the trial of hay forks on the farm of Mr. Parsel, in Hemlock Township, on Monday, May 7, 1866, between the American Hay Knife and Fork manufactured by SLIFER, WYLIE, SHIRES & CO., of Lewisburg, Pa., and the Rundel's Patent Hay Hook. The Knife and Fork will more than do as much drawn by the Rundel in three. We are satisfied it will take as much into the mow at one good horse's draw. We also saw it cutting hay, and think it comes to best as a hay knife, and cheerfully recommend it as the best hay fork and knife we have ever seen.
C. PETTY SIMONTON, Jos. F. G. HARRISON,
W. H. KOONS, JOHN IRICH,
JOHN DOUGHERTY, DANIEL NOVER,
H. DRINKHOUSE, SYLVESTER FURSTH,
MICHAEL HELLER, JONAS WOLF.
They also manufacture the celebrated Buckeye Reaper and Mower, and other agricultural implements.

G. W. BLABON & CO.,
Manufacturers of
OIL CLOTHS AND WINDOW SHADES,
Warehouse, No. 121 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

PHENIX STOVE DEPOT.
HEATERS, RANGES, AND STOVES,
Wholesale and Retail,
PATENT ANTI-DUST COOKING STOVE.
VULCAN HEATER,
for heating two or more rooms,
PARLOR, COOKING, LAUNDRY, HEATING,
and every variety of STOVES,
JOHN I. HESS,
No. 313 North Second Street, Philadelphia.

J. V. LAMBERT,
with ROSS, SHOTT & CO.,
Importers and Jobbers of
CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, &c.,
No. 391 Market Street,
Philadelphia.

S. L. BETTLE,
with BUSH, BUNN & CO.,
DRY GOODS,
No. 49 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

J. H. LONGSTRETH,
PAPER-HANGING WAREHOUSE,
No. 12 North Third Street,
Philadelphia.

FRISHMUTH, BROTHER & CO.,
WHOLESALE TOBACCO DEALERS,
No. 123 North Third Street,
Nine doors below Race,
Packages, Nos. 22 and 24 Quarry Street,
Philadelphia.

THE GALAXY,
A FORTNIGHTLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.
THE GALAXY is published fortnightly, on the first and fifteenth of each month, and has the advantage of coming to the reader intermediately between the monthlies and the weeklies.
With the second number the Magazine was enlarged by sixteen pages, making it to contain ninety-six pages of matter.
THE CONTRIBUTORS.
THE GALAXY will be an original American Magazine of the highest class. Arrangements have accordingly been made for regular contributions from the best known and most meritorious writers in the country; and moreover, the Editor will always seek to elicit and encourage contributions from new authors of real ability or decided genius. The articles in THE GALAXY will be signed with the names of their authors, who will be allowed a wide freedom in the expression of opinions.
The first and second numbers of THE GALAXY, for May first and fifteenth, 1866, contain contributions from John Esten Cooke, Frances Fuller Victor, Rose Terry, George Alfred Townsend, Edmund C. Stedman, the Author of "Emily Chester," Professor Pierre Blot, Dr. W. H. Draper, Stillman S. Conant, General Chaserel, and others.
"The Cleverings," by Anthony Trollope, and "Arnine Lyell," by Mrs. Edwards, are announced in the first number of THE GALAXY, and will continue to be published serially simultaneously with their appearance in England. The back numbers of the Magazine containing these stories may always be obtained from a newsdealer or from the proprietors.
PROFESSOR BLOT ON COOKERY.
In the second number of THE GALAXY was commenced a series of articles on Cookery, by Professor Pierre Blot, the well-known teacher of the art. These articles will be made of great practical value to every family. Beside many elaborated directions of essential importance, they will contain receipts and practical suggestions which must secure for them thousands of readers.
TERMS.
The price of THE GALAXY is 25 cents a number; $5 for the year of twenty-four numbers; $3 for six months—twelve numbers. The volumes for the year will include 2,300 octavo pages, illustrated by twenty-five or more full-page engravings, printed on tinted paper; beside numerous smaller illustrations, scattered through the text. THE GALAXY may be ordered at the rate of twenty-five cents a number for any length of time desired.
Specimen copies will be sent on receipt of 25 cents. Address
W. C. & F. P. CHURCH, Proprietors,
39 Park Row, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
TERMS.
One copy one year.....$4 00
One copy for three months.....1 00
And an extra copy will be allowed for every club of five subscribers, at $3 00 each, or six copies for $15 00. Payment invariably in advance.
The Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:
Cloth binding.....$7 60 per Volume.
Half Morocco.....9 00 "
Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.
TERMS TO ADVERTISERS.—One dollar and fifty cents per line for inside, two dollars per line for outside Advertisements, each insertion.
HARPER & BROTHER, Publishers.

READING RAILROAD.
SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.
April 23, 1866.
Great Trunk Line from the North and Northwest for Philadelphia, New York, Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Ashland, Lebanon, Allentown, Easton &c., &c.
Trains leave Harrisburg for New York as follows: At 3, 7.30, and 10.45 A.M., and 2 and 9.30 P.M., connecting with similar trains on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arriving at New York at 1.30 and 10 A.M., and 5.30 and 10.35 P.M. Sleeping cars accompany the 3 A.M. and 9.30 P.M. trains, without change.
Leave Harrisburg for Reading, Pottsville, Tamaqua, Auburn, Ashland, Pine Grove, Allentown, and Philadelphia at 7.40 A.M., and 2 and 9.30 P.M., stopping at Lebanon and principal Way Stations; the 9.30 P.M. train making no connections to Pottsville or Philadelphia. For Pottsville, Schuylkill Haven, and Auburn, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, leave Harrisburg at 1.45 P.M.
Returning, leave New York at 9 A.M., 12 M., and 5.30 P.M.; Philadelphia at 8 A.M. and 3.30 P.M.; Pottsville at 4.15 A.M. and 2.45 P.M.; Ashland at 6 and 11.15 A.M., and 1.05 P.M.; Tamaqua at 9.45 A.M. and 1 and 5.30 P.M.
Leave Pottsville for Harrisburg, via Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad, at 7 A.M.
Reading and Columbia Train leaves Reading at 8 A.M., returning from Philadelphia at 5 P.M.
Columbia Railroad Trains leave Reading at 6.20 and 6.45 P.M. for Ephrata, Lititz, Columbia, &c., &c.
Commutation Tickets between New York and Reading, and between Philadelphia and Reading, at 8 A.M. and 3.30 P.M., the 8 A.M. Train running only to Reading; Pottsville at 8.30 A.M.; Tamaqua at 7.30 A.M.; Harrisburg at 10.50 A.M.; and Reading at 12.30 A.M. for Harrisburg and 10.52 A.M. for New York, and 12.30 P.M. for Philadelphia.
Commutation, Mileage, Season, Excursion, and School Tickets at reduced rates to and from all points.
Baggage checked through. Eighty pounds of baggage allowed each passenger.
G. A. NICOLLS, Gen. Supt.
Reading, Pa., April 23, 1866.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.
THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, by general consent, stands at the head of American magazines. It numbers among its contributors the most eminent writers of the day, both in Prose and Poetry, and its pages have always reflected what is best in American literature. It has reached a circulation never before gained by any American magazine of this class, and at last, by the long period of its existence and the worth of its contributors, become firmly fixed in public esteem.
The following are among the most prominent regular contributors:
H. W. LONGFELLOW,
R. W. EMERSON,
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,
J. T. TROWBRIDGE,
DONALD G. MITCHELL,
C. C. HAZEWELL,
J. G. WHITTIER,
O. W. HOLMES,
BAYARD TAYLOR,
HARRIET B. STOWE,
GAIL HAMILTON,
E. P. WHIPPLE.
TERMS: Single subscriptions, four dollars per year.
CLUB RATES.—Two copies for seven dollars; five copies for sixteen dollars; ten copies for thirty dollars; and each additional copy three dollars. For every club of forty subscribers an extra copy will be furnished gratis, or twenty-one copies for sixty dollars.
POSTAGE.—The postage on the ATLANTIC is twenty cents a year, and must in all cases be paid at the office where it is received.
SPECIMEN COPIES of the ATLANTIC MONTHLY will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents.
The ATLANTIC MONTHLY and our YOUNG FOLKS will be furnished together at five dollars per year.
Special inducements are offered to teachers and postmasters to procure subscribers to our periodicals. Agents wanted throughout the country. Address
TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
124 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
We respectfully invite attention to the following note from the able and popular deputy State superintendent of Schools for Pennsylvania:
Messrs. TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston, Mass.:
GENTLEMEN,—Permit me to congratulate you on the brilliant success of YOUNG FOLKS. From the issue of the first number I have watched with much solicitude its tone and character, well knowing the immense influence, for good or for evil, it would be likely to wield. Judging by the tone which has prevailed in nearly all juvenile literature, both religious and secular, I feared that its contributors might lack that youthfulness which can alone speak to the child-mind, or that the faith and ingenuousness of youth might be tainted with and displaced by a fancy for the vices and deceits of mature years. Happily my fears have proved groundless, and the whole community have to thank you for projecting a magazine so well adapted to the class for which it is intended, and so entertaining and refining in its influences. SAMUEL P. BATES,
Deputy State Superintendent Schools, Pa.
TERMS OF OUR YOUNG FOLKS: $2 a year, in advance; three copies, $5; five copies, $8; ten copies, $15; and each additional copy $1.50. Twenty copies, $30, and a copy gratis to the person procuring the club.
Special inducements offered to teachers to act as agents. Special copy and circular sent to persons who wish